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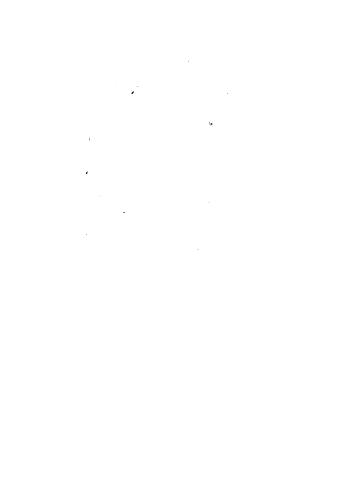
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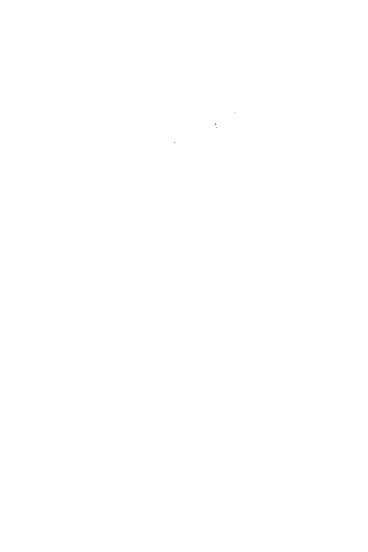
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# PLAYS

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# Filliam Shakspeare,

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he Text of the Corrected Copy left by the late GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQ.

WITH

# GLOSSARIAL NOTES,

AND

ETCH OF THE LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

TEMPEST....TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA....MERRY
WIVES OF WINDSOR....TWELFTH NIGHT....
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Stereotyped by J. Hove. N. York.

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#### SKETCH OF THE LIFE

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# SHAKSPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23d day
of April, 1564. His family was above the vulgar
rank. His father, John Shakspeare, was a considerable dealer in wool, and had been an officer
of the corporation of Stratford. He was likewise
a justice of the peace, and at one time a man of
considerable property. This last, however, appears to have been lost by some means, in the latter
part of his life. His wife was the daughter and
heiress of Robert Arden, of Wellington, in the
county of Warwick, by whom he had a family of
ten children.

✓ Our illustrious poet was the eldest son, and was educated, probably, at the free-school of Stratford;
 ✓ Out from this he was soon removed, and placed in the office of some country attorney. The exact manour of his education has been long a hobject of controversy. It is generally agreed, that he did not enjoy what is usually termed a literary education; but he certainly knew enough of Latin. and

rery correct. Being detected with a gang of stealers, in robbing the park of Sir Thomas y, of Charlecote, near Stratford, he was oblito leave his family and business, and take ter in London.

le was twenty-two years of age when he arrived ondon, and is said to have made his first acintance in the play-house. Here his necessities ged him to accept the office of call-boy, or mpter's attendant; who is appointed to give the formers notice to be ready, as often as the busis of the play requires their appearance on the ge. According to another account, far less bable, his first employment was to wait at the ro of the play-house, and hold the horses of those o had no servants, that they might be ready afthe performance. But in whatever situation he

#### LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

was not eminent as an actor. In tracing the chronology of his plays, it has been discovered, that Romeo and Juliet, and Richard II. and III., were printed in 1597, when he was thirty-three years old. There is also some reason to think that he commenced a tramatic writer in 1592, and Mr. Malone even places his first play, The First Part of Henry VI., in 1589.

His plays were not only popular but approved by persons of the higher order, as we are certain that he enjoyed the gracious favour of Queen Elizabeth, who was very fond of the stage; the patronage of the Earl of Southampton, to whom he dedicated some of his poems; and of King James, who wrote a very gracious letter to him with his own hand, probably in return for the compliment Shakspeare had paid to his majesty in the tragedy of Macbeth. It may be added, that his uncommon merit, his candour, and good-nature, are supposed to have procured him the admiration and acquaintance of every person distinguished for such qualities. It is not difficult, indeed, to trace, that Shakspeare was a man of humour, and a social companion; and probably excelled in that species of minor wit, not ill adapted to conversation, of which it could have been wished he had been more sparing in his writings.

How long he acted, has not been discovered; but he continued to write till the year 1614. During his dramatic career, he acquired a property in the theatre, which he must have disposed of when he retired, as no mention of it occurs in his will. The

fr. Malone doubts whether all his pror mounted to much more than 2001. per ann. w et was a considerable fortune in those times; t is supposed, that he might have derived innually from the theatre, while he continuated the supposed of the continuation act.

He retired some years before his death house in Stratford, of which it has been th important to give the history. It was built I Hugh Clopton, a younger brother of an at family in that neighbourhood. Sir Hugh sheriff of London in the reign of Richard II lord mayor in that of Henry VII. By his v bequeathed to his clder brother's son his me Clopton, &c. and his house by the name Great House in Stratford. A good part estate was in possession of Edward Clopton

Here, in May 1742, when Mr. Garrick, Mr. Macklin, and Mr. Delane, visited Stratford, they were hospitably entertained under Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, by Sir Hugh Clopton, who was a barrister, was knighted by George I. and died in the 80th year of his age, 1751. His executor, about the year 1752, sold New Place to the Rev. Mr. Gastrel, a man of large fortune, who resided in it but a few years, in consequence of a disagreement with the inhabitants of Stratford. As he resided part of the year at Lichfield, he thought he was assessed too highly in the monthly rate towards the maintenance of the poor, and being opposed, he pervishly declared, that that house should never be assessed again; and soon afterwards pulled it down, sold the materials, and left the town. He had some time before cut down Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, to save himself the trouble of showing it to visitors. That Shakspeare planted this tree annears to be sufficiently authenticated. Where New Place stood is now a garden.

During Shakspeare's abode in this house, he enjoyed the acquaintance and friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood; and here he is thought to have written the play of Twelfth Night. He died on his birth-day, Tuesday, April 23, 1616, when he had exactly completed his fifty-second year; and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall, on which he is represented under an arch, in a sitting posture, a cushion spread before him, with a pen is his right hand, and his left rested on a scroll of

Stay, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?

Read, if these canst, whom envious death has plac

Within this monument: Shakspeare, with whom

Quick nature died; whose name doth deck the tor

Far more than cost: since all that he hath writ

Leaves living art but page to serve his wit.

Obiit ano. Dni. 1616, Æt. 53, die 23 Apri.

We have not any account of the malady what no very advanced age, closed the life and bours of this unrivalled and incomparable get. The only notice we have of his person is Aubrey, who says, 'He was a handsome was haped man;' and adds, 'verie good compand of a very ready and pleasant and smooth

His family consisted of two daughters, as son named Hamnet, who died in 1596, in

band. Judith, Shakspeare's youngest daughter, was married to Mr. Thomas Quiney, and died Feb. 1661-2, in her 77th year. By Mr. Quiney the had three sons, Shakspeare, Richard, and Thomas, who all died unmarried. The traditional story of Shakspeare having been the father of Sir William Davenant, has been generally discredited.

From these imperfect notices,\* which are all we have been able to collect from the labours of his biographers and commentators, our readers will perceive that less is known of Shakspears than of almost any writer who has been considered as an object of laudable curiosity. Nothing could be more highly gratifying, than an account of the early studies of this wonderful man, the progress of his pen, his moral and social qualities, his friendships, his failings, and whatever else constitutes personal history. But on all these topics his contemporaries, and his immediate successors, have been equally silent; and if aught can hereafter be discovered, it must be by exploring sources which have hitherto escaped the anxious researches of those who have devoted their whole lives, and their most vigorous talents, to revive his memory, and illustrate his writings.

It is equally unfortunate, that we know as little of the progress of his writings, as of his personal history. The industry of his illustrators for the

\* <sub>%</sub> .

<sup>•</sup> The first regular attempt at a life of Shakspeare is prefixed to Mr. A. Chalmers's variorum edition, published in 1805, of which we have availed ourselves in the above Skatch.

printed among his works, it is not yet de whether he wrote the whole, or any pe are, however, indebted to the labours of mentators, not only for much light thrown ebecurities, but for a text purified from blunders of preceding transcribers and and it is almost unnecessary to add, that of the following volumes is that of the las ed edition of Johnson and Steevens.

TEMPEST.

#### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Alonso, king of Naples.
Sebastian, his brother.
Prospero, the rightful duke of Milan.
Antonio, his brother, the usurping duke of Mila
Ferdinand, son to the king of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old counsellor of Naples.
Adrian,
Francisco,
lords.
Caliban, a savage and deformed slave.
Trinculo, a jester.
Stephano, a drunken butler.

Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

Miranda, daughter to Prospero.

Ariel, an airy spirit.

Iris,
Ceres,
Juno,
Nymphs,
Reapers,

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

Some, the sea, with a ship; afterwards an un habited island.

### TEMPEST

#### ACT I.

SCENE I.—On a ship at sea. A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

#### Master.

# BOATSWAIN,—

Boots. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good: speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely!, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [Exit.

#### Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: take in the top-sail: tend to the master's whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour! keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

(1) Readily.



Gon. Nav, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sca is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elcments to silence, and work the peace of the present. we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say.

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

[Exeunt.

#### Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main course. [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.-

## Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Scb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

# (1) Present instant.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstaunched! wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Bonts. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us
assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

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188

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely<sup>2</sup> cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chapped rascal;—'Would, thou might'st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gon.

He'll be hanged yet;

Though every drop of water swear against it, And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[A confused noise within.] Mercy on us!—We pit, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split.—

Ant. Let's all sink with the king.

Seb. Let's take leave of him.

[Evit.

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of the for an acre of barren ground: long heath, brown fure, any thing: the wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

[Exit.

**SCENE II.** The island: before the cell of **Prospero**. Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have ht the wild waters in this roar, allay them: The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch. It that the ses, mounting to the welkin's check,

(1) Incontinent.

(2) Absolutely.

mad I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e' It should the good ship so have swallow The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be co
No more amazement: tell your piteous l

There's no harm done.

Mira. O, we the day!

I have done nothing but in care of thee, (Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daught Art ignorant of what thou art, nought kt Of whence I am; nor that I am more be Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell And thy no greater father.

And thy no greater lather.

Mira.

More to
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro.

I should inform thee further. Lend thy
And pluck my magic garment from me.

[Lays down]
Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine e

comfort.

to tell me what I am; but stopp'd ft me to a bootless inquisition; ding. Stay, not yet.—

The hour's now come; ry minute bids thee ope thine ear; and be attentive. Canst thou remember before we came unto this cell? think thou canst; for then thou wast not ree years old.

s. Gertainly, sir, I can.
By what? by any other house, or person?
thing the image tell me, that
ept with thy remembrance.

ther like a dream than an assurance
y remembrance warrants: had I not
five women once, that tended me?

Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: but how

is it, is lives in thy mind? What seest thou else lark backward and abysm<sup>2</sup> of time? remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here, ou cam'st here, thou may'st.

But that I do not.

Twelve years since, a, twelve years since, thy father was the of Milan, and a prince of power. s. Sir, are not you my father?

Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and d—thou wast my daughter; and thy father the of Milan; and his only heir sess;—no worse issued.

z. O, the heavens! oul play had we, that we came from thence? sed was't we did?

Both, both, my girl: play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence; seedly holp hither.

(1) Quite. .

(2) Abyss.

Of all the world I tov'd, and within put.
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And wrapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
Sir. most heedfully.

Mira. Sir, most necessity.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash? for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang't

Or else new form'd them: having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend's

nce sans! bound. He being thus lorded, with what my revenue yielded, my power might else exact,—like one, ing, unto truth, by telling of it, h a sinner of his memory, his own lie,—be did believe he duke; out of the substitution, uting the outward face of royalty, prerogative:—Hence his ambition,—Dost hear?

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness. To have no screen between this part he play'd, he play'd it for, he needs will be Milan: me, poor man!—my library edom large enough; of temporal royalties s me now incapable: confederates he was for sway) with the king of Naples, birs annual tribute, do him homage; his coronet to his crown, and bend edom, yet unbow'd (alas, poor Milan!) ienoble stooping.

O the heavens!

Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
ght be a brother.

I should sin but nobly of my grandmother: mbs have borne bad sons.

Now the condition.

; of Naples, being an enemy vecterate, hearkens my brother's suit; as, that he in lieu² o' the premises,—;e, and I know not how much tribute,—resently'extirpate me and mine; dukedom; and confer fair Milan, the honours, on my brother: whereon, rous army levied, one midnight

out. (2) Thirsty. (3) Consideration.

Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint, That wrings mine eyes.

Pro.

Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which, this sta
Were most impertment.

Mira. Wherefore did they no 'That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they du

(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set A mark so bloody on the business; but With colours fairer painted their foul ends. In few, they hurried us aboard a bark; Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepa A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigg'd, Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us, To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again, Did us but loving wrong.

ina. How came we ashore? ro. By Providence divine. e food we had, and some fresh water, that ble Neapolitan, Gonzalo, of his charity (who being then appointed er of this design,) did give us, with garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries. ch since have steaded much; so, of his gentleving I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me, my own library, with volumes that e above my dukedom. 'Would I might ira. ver see that man! Now I arise:-ill, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. in this island we arriv'd; and here I, thy school-master, made thee more profit other princes can, that have more time ainer hours, and tutors not so careful. ra. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir, still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason aising this sea-storm? Know thus far forth. cident most strange, bountiful fortune, ny dear lady, hath mine enemies ht to this shore: and by my prescience my zenith doth depend upon st auspicious star; whose influence I court not, but omit, my fortunes ver after droop.—Here cease more questions;

ive it way ;—I know thou canst not choose.—
[Miranda sleeps.
away, servant, come: I am ready now;
ach, my Ariel; come.

est inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,

Enter Ariel.

All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task Ariel, and all his quality.

Hast thou, spirit. Pro. Perform'd to point! the tempest that I bade thee:

Ari. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak, Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin, I flam'd amazement : sometimes, l'd divide, And burn in many places; on the top-mast, The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinct Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the p cursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary And sight-outrunning were not : the fire, and cra Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremb Yea, his dread trident shake.

My brave spirit Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil2 Would not infect his reason?

Not a soul

Ari. But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd Some tricks of desperation: all, but mariners, Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vess Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdina With hair upstaring (then like reeds, not hair,) Was the first man that leap'd; cried, Hell is em; And all the devils are here.

Why, that's my spiri But was not this nigh share?

Close by, my mas Ari. Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perist On their sustaining garments not a blemish, But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st m In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:

<sup>1)</sup> The minutest article.

he king's son have I landed by himself; hom I left cooling of the air with sighs. an odd angle of the isle, and sitting, is arms in this sad lanot. Of the king's ship, Pro. he mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd, nd all the rest o' the fleet? Safely in harbour-Ari.

the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once ou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew om the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid: e mariners all under hatches stowed; hom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd la-

bour. ave left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet, hich I dispers'd, they all have met again; d are upon the Mediterranean flote2, und sadly home for Naples; pposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd, d his great person perish. Pro. Ariel, thy charge actly is perform'd; but there's more work: hat is the time o' the day? Ari. Past the mid season. Pro. At least two glasses: the time 'twixt six and now.

ast by as both be spent most preciously. Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,

t me remember thee what thou hast promis'd, hich is not yet perform'd me. Pro. How now? moody? hat is't thou canst demand? Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more. I pray thee

emember, I have done thee worthy service; old thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd

(1) Bermudas.

(2) Wave.

4

Pro. I nou use, and the coze of the salt deep; trunch, to tread the coze of the salt deep; Fo run upon the sharp wind of the north; Fo do me business in the veins o' the earth, When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou

The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age, and envy, Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born?

speak; tell me. Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro.

O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorst,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she

did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy
groans,

As fast as mill-wheels strike: then was this island (Save for the son that she did litter here, A freckled whelp, hag-born,) not honour'd with A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban, her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:

I will be correspondent to command, And do my spiriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what: what shall I do?
Pro. Gomake thyself like to a nymph o' the sea;
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eve-ball else. Go, take this shape,

And hither come in't: hence, with diligence.

[Exit Ariel.

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;

Awake!

Mira. The strangeness of your story put Heaviness in me.

VOL. I.

200

We cannot mass num: ne does make our are Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [Within.] There's wood enough wit Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other by for thee;

Come forth, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter Ariel, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel, Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done.

Pro. Thon poisonous slave, got by the himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

#### Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother l With raven's feather from unwholesome fen. Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me;
would'st give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and
fertile;

Cursed be I that did so !—All the charms Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you! For I am all the subjects that you have, Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me

The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness; I have
us'd thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho!—'would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each

One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage, Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes With words that made them known: But thy vile race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou Deservedly confin'd into this rock, Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

ming me your ranguage Hag-seed, hence!
us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,

wer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice? neglect'st, or dost unwillingly neglect'st, or dost unwillingly

I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps; I thy bones with aches: make thee roar, easts shall tremble at thy din.

No, 'pray thee!—
obey: his art is of such power,
ld control my dam's god, Setebos,

nake a vassal of him.

So, slave; hence!

Exit Caliban.

der Ariel, invisible, playing and singing; Ferdinand following him.

# ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands, And then take hands: Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd, (The wild waves whist<sup>2</sup>) Foot it featly here and there; It sounds no more:—and sure, it waits upon Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank, Weeping again the king my father's wreck, This music crept by me upon the waters; Allaying both their fury, and my passion, With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it, Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone. No, it begins again.

### Ariel sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.
[Burden, ding-dong.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owest:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mira. What is't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,

It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses

As we have, such: this gallant which thou seest Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows, And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him A thing divine; for nothing natural

(1) Owns,



two days for this.

Most sure, the goddess om these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer cnow, if you remain upon this island; hat you will some good instruction give, I may bear me here: my prime request, I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder! u be maid, or no?

No wonder, sir;

ira. certainly a maid.

er. My language? heavens! the best of them that speak this speech, re I but where 'tis spoken.

ro. How! the best? at wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee? fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wooders hear thee speak of Naples: he does hear me; d, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples; ho with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld e king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

be inclin'd my way!

fer. O, if a virgin,

d your affection not gone forth, I'll make you e queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.— They are both in either's powers: but this swift

business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [Aside.
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp The name thou ow'st not: and hast put thyself Upon this island, as a spy, to win it From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a

temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will string to dwell with

Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

Pro.

Follow me.— [To Ferd.

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:

Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be

The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks,

Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow. Fer. No;

I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.

[He draws.

Mine enemy has more power. [He draw Mira. O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for He's gentle, and not fearful!.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy

conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

(1) Frightful.

(2) Guard.

l'advocate for an impostor: num: :
nou think'st, there are no more such shapes as be,
aving seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
the most of men this is a Caliban,
ad they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections re then most humble; I have no ambition o sec a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey:

hy nerves are in their infancy again, nd have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:

[y spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.

[y father's loss, the weakness which I feel,

"be wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,

"o whom I am subdued, are but light tome,

[light I but through my prison, once a day,

lehold this maid: all corners else o' the earth

et liberty make use of; space enough

[ave I in such a prison.

Pro. It works:—Come on.—

#### ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the island. Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause

(So have we all) of joy; for our escape is much beyond our loss: our hint of wo is common; every day, some sailor's wife, The masters of some merchant, and the merchant, Have just our theme of wo: but for the miracle, I mean our preservation, few in millions Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prythee, peace. Seb. He receives comfort like cold pornidge. Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so. Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;

by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.—

Seb. One :---Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd, Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you proposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue! Alon. I prythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet-

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Yet, Adr. Yet-Ant. He could not miss it. Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender delicate temperance.1 Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench. Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learned livered. Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sw Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones. Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen. Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to Ant. True; save means to live. Seb. Of that there's none, or little. Gon. How lush2 and lusty the grass looks green! Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny. Seb. With an eyes of green in't. Ant. He misses not much. Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth to Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is, inde

most beyond credit-)

when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

. Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! how came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too?

good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp. Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?
Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis, at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there. Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gos. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

(1) Degree or quality.

e'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Naples and of Milan, what strange fish th made his meal on thee! Fran. Sir, he may live; aw him beat the surges under him, d ride upon their backs; he trod the water, nose enmity he flung aside, and breasted e surge most swoln that met him: his bold head we the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd mself with his good arms in lusty stroke the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd stooping to relieve him. I not doubt, came alive to land. Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.
Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss;

at would not bless our Europe with your daughter,

t rather lose her to an African; here she, at least, is banish'd from your eye, he hath cause to wet the crief on't.

#### TEMPEST.

My lord Sebastian, peak doth lack some gentleness, ak it in: you rub the sore, ald bring the plaster.

Very well. sost chirurgeonly. sal weather in us all, good sir, cloudy.

Foul weather?
Very foul.
a plantation of this isle, my lord,—
w it with nettle-seed.

Or docks, or mallows.
ere the king of it, What would I do?
being drunk, for want of wine.
ornmonwealth I would by contraries
ugs: for no kind of traffic;
no name of magistrate;
not be known; no use of service,
noverty; no contracts,
nund of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
, corn, or wine, or oil:
all men idle, all;
; but innocent and pure:

And yet he would be king on't. tter end of his commonwealth forng.
gs in common nature should produce
or endeavour: treason, felony,
ife, gun, or need of any engine, 1
we; but nature should bring forth,
all foizon, 2 all abundance,
ocent people.
ying 'mong his subjects?
nan; all idle; whores and knaves.
d with such perfection govern, sir,
lden age.

nck.

of such sensible and nimble lungs, that use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry

nothing to you; so you may continue, a nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given! Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave a would lift the moon out of her sphere, i continue in it five weeks without changi

Enter Ariel, invisible, playing solem

Seb. We would so, and then go a ba Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not ang. Gon. No, I warrant you: I will not my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep but Alon. Sel

e I.

39

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b. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
nt. It is the quality o' the climate.
                                    Whv
it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
elf dispos'd to sleep.
                 Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
v fell together all, as by consent;
y dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might.
thy Sebastian ?-O, what might ?-No more :-
 vet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
at thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee;
     and
strong imagination sees a crown
oping upon thy head.
                     What, art thou waking?
nt. Do you not hear me speak?
                            I do; and, surely.
a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
of thy sleep: what is it thou didst say?
s is a strange repose, to be asleep
heyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
vet so fast asleep.
                      Noble Sebastian,
u let'st thy fortune sleep-die rather; wink'st
iles thou art waking.
                   Thou dost snore distinctly;
re's meaning in thy snores.
Int. I am more serious than my custom: you
# be so too, if heed me; which to do,
bles thee o'er.
                  Well: I am standing water.
int. I'll teach you how to flow.
                                Do so: to ebb,
editary sloth instructs me.
on but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
iles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
tation do so near the bottom run.
ide own fear, or sloth.
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(Who shall be or as much meaning),
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion only,)
The king, his son's alive; 'tis as impossible
That he's undrown'd, as he that sleeps here swims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
Ant.
O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there.
Will you grant, with
me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd!
Seb.
He's gone.

Ant.

Then, tell ms.

Nots the next heir of Naples?

Seb.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwell.

Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naple Can have no note, unless the sun were post, 'The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born chin is Gionzalo; I myself could make mghl of as deep chat. O, that you bore nind that I do! what a sleep were this our advancement! Do you understand me? . Methinks I do. And how does your content er your own good fortune? I remember, lid supplant your brother Prospero. True: ook, how well my garments sit upon me; feater than before: my brother's servants then my fellows, now they are my men. . But, for your consciencet. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kibe, uld put me to my slipper; but I feel not deity in my bosom: twenty consciences, stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they, nelt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother, tter than the earth he lies upon,

were that which now he's like; whom I, this obedient steel, three inches of it.

To fall it on Gonzalo.

O, but one word.

[They converse spart.

Music. Re-enter Ariel, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the

That these, his friends, are in; and sends me forth, (For else his project dies,) to keep them living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's ser.

While you here do snoring lie, Open-ey'd Conspiracy His time doth take: If of life you keep a care, Shake off slumber, and beware: Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.
Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[They uses

#### TEMPEST.

Heard you this, Gonzalo? on mine honour, sir, I heard a huming, strange one too, which did awake me: u, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd, weapons drawn:—there was a noise, ty: 'best stand upon our guard; quit this place: let's draw our weapons. ad off this ground; and let's make furer search

Heavens keep him from these beasts! ure, i' the island.

Lead away.
spero my lord shall know what I have
ne: [Aside.
) safely on to seek thy son. [Exrunt.

I.—Another part of the Island. Enun, with a burden of wood. A noise or heard.

the infections that the sun sucks up fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make n al a disease! His spirits hear me, eds must curse. But they'll nor pinch, rith urchin shows, pitch me i't the mire, like a fire-brand, in the dark, ay, unless he bid them; but iffe are they set upon me: ke apes, that moe'l and chatter at me, ite me; then like hedge-hogs, which in my bare-foot way, and mount at my foot-fall; sometime am I ith adders, who, with cloven tongues, to madness:—Lo! now! lo!

# (1) Make mouths.

any weather at all, and another storm prewarg; hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black close yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard! the would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, asi did before, I know not where to hide my head yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pal fuls.-What have we here? a man or a find Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish: very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not ( the newest, Poor John. A strange fish! Were in England now (as once I was,) and had this f painted, not a holiday-fool there but would giw piece of silver: there would this monster make man: any strange beast there makes a man: wh they will not give a doit to relieve a lame begg they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Len like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, of troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that b lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [Thunder.] A the storm is come again: my best way is to cr ....d. his oraherdine;2 there is no other she

#### TEMPEST.

swabber, the boatswain, and I, unner, and his mate, eg, and Marian, and Margery, one of us car'd for Kate: had a tongue with a tang, cry to a sailor, Go, hang: e savour of tar nor of pitch, ht scratch her where'er she did itch. sea, boys, and let her go hang. tune too: but here's my comfort.

[Drinks.]

torment me: O!

the matter? Have we devils here? ke upon us with savages, and men of have not 'scap'd drowning, to be rour four legs; for it hath been said, n as ever went on four legs, cannot round: and it shall be said so again, breathes at nostrils.
it torments me: O!

nit torments me: O! ome monster of the isle, with four got, as I take it, an ague: where he learn our language? I will give if it be but for that: if I can recop him tame, and get to Naples with ent for any emperor that ever trod

orment me, pr'ythee;
ood home faster.
his fit now; and does not talk after
shall taste of my bottle: if he have
se sfore, it will go near to remove
recover him, and keep him tame, I
much for him: he shall pay for him
and that soundly.
by thy trembling:

orks upon thee.
(1) India.

fend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a mormonster! His forward voice now is to so finis friend; his backward voice is to speeches, and to detract. If all the wine the will recover him, I will help his ague: c Amen! I will pour some in thy other m

Trin. Stephano,—
Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me?
mercy! this is a devil, and no monster: 1

him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephene, and speak to me; for I am Trincul afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come fort thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trin these are they. Thou art very Trincu how cam'st thou to be the siegel of this Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with stroke:—But art thou not drowned, St

hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors have dover-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy True subject; for the liquor is not earthly. Sts. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Tris. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can wim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: though thou canstswim like a duck, that art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; My mistress showed me thee, thy dog, and bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: — I afeard of him? — a very weak monster: — The man i' the moon? — a most poor credulous monster: — well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; And kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Tris. By this light, a most perficious and drunken moster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy sub-

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Tyrin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppyheaded monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him.—

Ste. Come, kiss.

ject.

Tria. —but that the poor monster's in drink: an aboninable monster!

Trin. A most ridiculous mouseer, w wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crai

And I, with my long nails, will dig thee pig-nuts Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get the Young sea-mells! from the rock. Wilt thou go wi

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without a more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our on pany else being drowned, we will inherit here. Here; bear my bottle: Fellow Trinculo, we'll him by and by again.

Cal. Farewell master; farewell, farewell.
[Sings drunken

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster

Cal. No more dams Pll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

## ACT III.

I.—Before Prospero's cell. Enter Ferdinand bearing a log. There be some sports are painful: but their labour them sets off: some kinds of baseness r undergone: and most poor matters ich ends. This inv mean task would be to me, as 'tis odious; but ress, which I serve, quickens what's dead, es my labours pleasures: O, she is s more gentle than her father's crabbed; composid of harshness. I must remove usands of these logs, and pile them up, ore injunction: my sweet mistress hen she sees me work; and says, such baseness r like executor. I forget: sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours : r-less, when I do it.

Miranda; and Prospero at a distance.

Alas, now! pray you, tso hard: I would, the lightning head those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile! it down, and rest you: when this barns, eep for having wearied you. My father tsudy; pray now, rest yourself: for these three hours.

O most dear mistress, will set, before I shall discharge must strive to do.

If you'll sit down, your logs the while: pray give me that; it to the pile.

No, precious creature:

U

Poor worm: thou art miec This visitation shows it. Mira. You look wearily. Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning When you are by at night. I do beseech you (Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,)
What is your name? Mira. Miranda :-- O my father, I have broke your hest! to say so! Admir'd Miran Indeed, the top of admiration; worth What's dearest to the world. Full many a lat I have ey'd with best regard; and many a tim The harmony of their tongues hath into bondas Brought my too diligent ear : for several virto Have I lik'd several women; never any With so full soul, but some defect in her Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,2 And put it to the foil: but you, O you,

Of every creature's best.

Mira.

I do not know

So perfect, and so peerless, are created

Something too wildly, and my father's precepts Therein forget.

Fer. I am. in my condition. A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king; (I would, not so!) and would no more endure This wooden slavery, than I would suffer The desh-fly blow my mouth. Hearing soul speak:-The very instant that I saw you, did My heart fly to your service; there resides, To make me slave to it; and, for your sake, Am I this patient log-man. Mira.

Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound. And crown what I profess with kind event,

If i speak true; if hollowly, invert What best is boded me, to mischief! I, Beroad all limit of what else! i' the world. Dolove, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool.

To weep at what I am glad of.

Fair encounter Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you? Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer Wint I desire to give; and much less take, What I shall die to want: But this is trifling; And all the more it seeks to hide itself, The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning! And prompt me, plain and holy innocence! I am your wife, if you will marry me; Inot, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow

may deny me; but I'll be your servant, Whether you will or no.

Per. thus humble ever. Keins.

My mistress, dearest, My husband then?

(1) Whatsoever.

42

Fer. Ay, with a heart as will As bondage e'er of freedom: he Mira. And mine, with my he farewell,

Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A the

Pro. So glad of this as they, I Who are surpris'd with all; bu At nothing can be more. I'll u

For yet, ere supper time, must? Much business appertaining.

SCENE II.—Another part of Stephano and Trinculo; Calit a bottle.

Ste Tell not me;—when the drink water; not a drop before: and board 'em: Servant-monste Trin. Servant-monster? the They say, there's but five upo three of them; if the other two the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, thy eves are almost set in thy he

Trin. Where should they be a brave monster indeed, if they

Ste. My man-monster hath d in sack: for my part, the sea ce swam, ere I could recover the st leagues, off and on, by this lig my lieutenant, monster, or my st

ny lieutenant, monster, or my st *Trin*. Your lieutenant, if you

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur Trin. Nor go neither: but yand yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once

low does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe;

rve him, he is not valiant.

Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in astle a constable: Why, thou deboshed was there ever man a coward, that hath much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a s lie, being but half a fish, and half a mon-

o, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him,

Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should natural! o, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee, inculo, keep a good tongue in your head; we a mutineer, the next tree—The poor my subject, and he shall not suffer indig-

hank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd en once again the suit I made thee? arry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will lso shall Trinculo.

# Enter Ariel, invisible.

I told thee am subject to a tyrant; ; that by his cunning hath ne of this island.

Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou:
ny valiant master would destroy thee;

e. inculo, if you trouble him any more in his his hand, I will supplant some of your

Why, I said nothing.
m then, and no more.—[To Caliban.]

(1) Debauched.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed?

thou being me to the party?

Cil. Yet, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee:
Where thou may be knock a nail into his hes

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.
Cal. What a pied ninny's this!

Thou

patch!—

I do beserve thy creatness, give him blows.

I do beseach thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him; when that's g He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not sh Where the quick freshes<sup>2</sup> are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger rupt the monster one word further, and, by thi I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. (strikes his you like this, give me the lie another time.

100, 'tis a custom with him : there thou may'st brain

ooks; or with a log ich him with a stake, a thy knife : Remember, ks; for without them n, nor bath not d. They all do hate him, um but his books; s (for so he calls them,) , a house, he'll deck withal. ily to consider, is laughter; he himself eil: I ne'er saw woman, my dam, and she; passeth Sycorax,

Is it so brave a lass? she will become thy bed, I warrant,

r, I will kill this man: his daughter king and queen; (save our graces!)
and thyself shall be viceroys:—Dost

lot, Trinculo?

me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: nou livest, keep a good tongue in thy

thin this half hour will he be asleep: Ay, on mine honour

lestroy him then? hou mak'st me merry: I am full of ples e jocund: Will you troll the catch At the request, monster, I will do reas

(1) Throat.

.... ywys the tune on

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our the picture of No-body.

Sie. If thou beest a man, show likeness; if thou beest a devil, tak-

Trin. O, torgive me my sins! Ste. He that dies, pays all debts:

Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is ful Sounds, and sweet airs, that give de.

Sometimes a thousand twangling inst Will hum about mine cars; and some That, if I then had wak'd after long : Will make me sleep again: and then, The clouds, methought, would open riches

Ready to drop upon me; that, when I cryid to dream again

Ste. This will

SCENE III.—Another part of the Island. Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir; My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed, Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience:

I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myself attach'd with weariness, To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest. Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd, Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go. Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

[Aside to Sebastian.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose

That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb.

The next advantage

Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night; For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance, As when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and Prespero above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and inviting the king, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What
were these?

(1) Our lady.

Though fools at home condemn them. Gon. If in I I should report this now, would they believe If I should say I saw such islanders (For, certes,2 these are people of the island, Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet Their manners are more gentle-kind, than or Our human generation you shall find Many, nay, almost any. Pro. Honest lord. Thou hast said well; for some of you there pr Are worse than devils. I cannot too much r Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound pressing (Although they want the use of tongue,) a k Of excellent dumb discourse. Pro. Praise in depe

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb.

No matter,
They have left their riends behind.

e heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
putter-out on five for one, will bring us
warrant of.
n. I will stand to, and feed,

n. I will stand to, and feed, gh my last: no matter, since I feel est is past:—Brother, my lord the duke, too, and do as we.

'er and lightning. Enter Ariel like a harclaps his wings upon the table, and with a nt device, the banquet vanishes.

You are three men of sin. whom destiny

ath to instrument this lower world, hat is in't,) the never-surfeited sea aused to belch up; and on this island man doth not inhabit; you mongst men nost unfit to live. I have made you mad: Seeing Alon. Seb. &c. draw their swords. en with such like valour, men hang and drown roper selves. You fools! I and my fellows nisters of fate: the elements m your swords are temper'd, may as well the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs still-closing waters, as diminish vle! that's in my plume; my fellow-ministers invulnerable: if you could hurt, ords are now too massy for your strengths, l not be uplifted: But, remember it's my business to you,) that you three lilan did supplant good Prospero; unto the sea, which hath requit it, ad his innocent child; for which foul deed wers, delaying, not forgetting, have I the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures. your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso, ave bereft; and do pronounce by me,

And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, en the Shapes again, and dance with mops a moves, and carry out the table.

Pro. [Aside.] Bravely the figure of this has

hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: my high chai
work.

And these, nine enemies, are all knit up In their distractions: they now are in my powe And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drown' And his and my lov'd darling.

[Exit Prospero from abe Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, v stand you lct III Scene I. TEMPEST I'll fight their legions o'er. rd you I'n alis Gon. All three of them are  $[E_{xe}]$ TOW. great guilt,

Like poison given to work a grea Now gins to bite the spirits: I d That are of suppler joints, follow t nin. And hinder them from what this et May now provoke them to.

B

Foll

# ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's cell. pero, Ferdinand, and Miran Pro. If I have too austerely punish's

Your compensation makes amends; for Have given you here a thread of mine o Or that for which I live; whom once ag I tender to thy hand : all thy vexations Were but my trials of thy love, and that Hast strangely stood the test: here, afor I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand, Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,

For thou shalt find she will outstrip all pr And make it halt behind her. gainst an oracle. I do believe

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acq orthily purchas'd, take my daughter: Bi thou dost break her virgin knot before sanctimonious ceremonies may h full and holy rite be minister'd,

(1) Alienation of mind.

As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongest suggestor
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
M.ne honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Pheebus' steeds are founder'd
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel: my industrious servant Ariel!

#### Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last

Did worthily perform; and I must use you In such another trick: go, bring the rabble, O'er whom I give the power, here, to this place I must be quick motion; for I must

service

learly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach, a dost hear me call.

Well I conceive.

Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance h the rein; the strongest oaths are straw re i' the blood: be more abstemious, good night, your vow!

I warrant you, sir; te-cold virgin snow upon my heart he ardour of my liver.

Well.—
ie, my Ariel; bring a corollary,¹
ian want a spirit; appear, and pertly.—
ie; all eyes; be silent. [Soft music.

#### A Masque. Enter Iris.

Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas t, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease; y mountains, where live nibbling sleep, mends thatch'd with stover, them to keep; ks with peonied and lilied brims, pongy April at thy hest2 betrims, cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves, hadow the dismissed bachelor loves, ss-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard; sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard, hou thyself dost air : The queen o' the sky, watery arch, and messenger, am I, e leave these; and with her sovereign grace, this grass-plot, in this very place, and sport: her peacocks fly amain; h, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'ex

!) Surplus.

(2) Command.

Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers:
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My boskyl acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy qi
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd gree.

Lyia A contract of true dows to celebrate.

Iris. A contract of true-love to celebrate; And some donation freely to estate

On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow. If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know, Do now attend the queen? since they did plot The means, that dusky Dis² my daughter got, Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company

I have forsworn.

Iris.

Of her society

Be not afraid: I met her deity

Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her s

Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to h

done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with s
rows,

And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

#### Enter Juno.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go v me To bless this twain, that they may prosperous And honour'd in their issue.

(1) Woody.

(2) Pluto.

#### SONG.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing, Long continuance, and increasing, Hourly joys be still upon you! Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, and foizon! plenty;
Barns, and garners never empty;
Vines, with chust'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest;
Scarcity, and want, shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fr. This is a most majestic vision, and Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art I have from their confines call'd to enact My present fancies.

Fr. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd? father, and a wife, Make this place Paradise.

[Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Pro. Sweet now, silence; Juno and Ceres whisper seriously; There's something else to do: hush, and be mute, Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring brooks,

With your sedged crowns, and ever harmless looks, Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land Answer your summons; Juno does command:

(1) Abundance. (2) Able to produce such wonders.

Make holy-day: your rye-straw nats putt And these fresh nymphs encounter every In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habit join with the Nymphs in a graceful de wards the end whereof Prospero starts: and speaks; after which, to a strange and confused noise, they heavily vani:

Pro. [Aside.] I had forgot that foul c Of the beast Caliban, and his confederate Against my life; the minute of their plo Is almost come .- [To the Spirits.] Wel avoid ;-no more.

Fer. This is most strange: your fathe passion

That works him strongly.

Never till th Mira. Saw I him touch'd with anger so disterr Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov Leave not a rack! behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a steep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira.

We wish your peace.

Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank you:—
Ariel, come.

#### Enter Ariel.

Art. Thy thoughts I cleave to; What's thy pleasure? Pro. Spirit. We must prepare to meet with Caliban. Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres, I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd. Lest I might anger thee. Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets? Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking; So full of valour, that they smote the air For breathing in their faces; beat the ground For kissing of their feet: yet always bending Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor, At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses, As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears, That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through

(1) A body of clouds in motion; but it is most probable that the author wrote track.

Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goes, and thorns,

Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell, There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake O'er-stunk their feet

This was well done, my bird: Pro. Thy shape invisible retain thou still: The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither, For -tale, 1 to catch these thieves.

Ari. Igo, Igo. [Exit. Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature Nurture<sup>2</sup> can never stick; on whom my pains, Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost; And as, with age, his body uglier grows, So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Re-enter Ariel loaden with glistering apparel, &c. Even to roaring: -- Come, hang them on this line.

Prospero and Ariel remain invisible. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo; all wet

Cal. Pray, you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack3 with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at

which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you,-Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still: Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak softly.

(2) Education. (3) Jack with a lanters. (1) Bait.

69

sh'd as midnight yet.

Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,— There is not only disgrace and dishonour in anster, but an infinite loss.

That's more to me than my wetting: yet our harmless fairy, monster.

I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er my labour.

Prythee, my king, be quiet: Seest thou here, he mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter: good mischief, which may make this island wn for ever, and I, thy Caliban, if thy foot-licker.

live me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody

. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy ω! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee! Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

. 0, ho, monster; we know what belongs to ry:2—0 king Stephano!

Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, that gown.

. Thy grace shall have it.

The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean.

thus on such luggage? Let's along, the murder first; if he awake.

e to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;

s strange stuff.

Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not

jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: rkin, you are like to lose your hair, and bald jerkin.

Do, do: We steal by line and level, an't

I thank thee for that jest; here's a gare't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am this country: Steal by line and level, is an

iver. (2) A shop for sale of old clothes.

garment for'i ne<sup>1</sup> upon you

lose our time apes

help to bea vine is, or I'l arry this.

livers Spirits about; Pros

, there! hark

re driven out d their joint eir sinews spotted mak

rk, they roas

thou little, [Execute

Leopard.

#### ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before the cell of Prospero. Enter Prospero in his magic Robes, and Ariel.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage.—How's the day?
Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so, When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit, How fares the king and his?

Ari. Confin'd together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge;

Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners

In the lime-grove which weather-fends! your cell;

They cannot budge, till you release. The king,

His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;

And the remainder mourning over them,

Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay; but chiefly

Him you term'd, sir, The good old lord Gonzalo;

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops

From eaves of reeds: 2 your charm so strongly works

them,

That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions; and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to tha
quick,

Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury

(1) Defends from bad weather, (2) Thatch.

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him, When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make, Whercof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pas-

time
Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be,) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them
forth

rancisco: They all enter the circle which Prose en had made, and there stand charmed; which respero observing, speaks.

demn air, and the best comforter munsettled fancy, cure thy brains, useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand. you are spell-stopp'd .y Gonzalo, honourable man, e eyes, even sociable to the show of thine. fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace; as the morning steals upon the night, ing the darkness, so their rising senses a to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle r clearer reason.—O my good Gonzalo. rue preserver, and a loval sir im thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces e, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly t thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter: brother was a furtherer in the act ;-I'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.-Flesh and blood. brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,

obstain the interest of the state of the sta

is to swell: and the approaching tide shortly fill the reasonable shores,

now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them, yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel, h me the hat and rapier in my cell:

[Exit Ariel.

I dis-case me, and myself present, was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit; I shalt ere long be free.

iel re-enters, singing, and helps to attire Prospero.

(1) Pity, or tenderness of heart.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a constip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel; I shall miss thee;

But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.— To the king's ship, invisible as thou art: There shalt thou find the mariners asleep Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain, Being awake, enforce them to this place; And presently, I pr'y thee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return

Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit Ariel.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amaze-

ment

Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Robold sin king

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero;
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid

A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r! thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pake
Beuts, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat

Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should Prospero ving, and be here?

First, noble friend, e embrace thine age; whose honour cannot easur'd, or confin'd. Whether this be, not. I'll not swear.

You do yet taste subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you ve things certain: - Welcome, my friends all :---

ou, my brace of lords, were 1 so minded. Aside to Seb. and Ant. could pluck his highness' frown upon you, justify you traitors; at this time ll no tales.

The devil speaks in him. [Aside. No; ou, most wicked sir, whom to call brother

d even infect my mouth, I do forgive ankest fault; all of them; and require ukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know, must restore.

If thou beest Prospero, us particulars of thy preservation : thou hast met us here, who three hours since wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost, sharp the point of this remembrance is! ear son Ferdinand.

I am wo! for't, sir. on. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience it is past her cure.

I rather think meve not sought her help; of whose soft grace, he like loss. I have her sovereign aid, rest myself content.

You the like loss? 078. v. As great to me, as late; and, portable? mke the dear loss, have I means much weaker

(1) Sorry.

(2) Bearable.

Than you may call to comfort you; for I Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that cozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your

daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath; but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was

landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,

I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,

And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove A vision of the island, one dear son

Alon.

Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful; I have curs'd them without cause.

[Ferd. kneels to Alon. Now all the blessings

Of a glad father compass thee about!

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here! How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world, That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast

at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us.

And brought us thus together?

Fer.

Sir, she's mortal;

But, by immortal Providence, she's mine; I chose her, when I could not ask my father For his advice; nor thought I had one: she Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan, Of whom so often I have heard renown, But never saw before; of whom I have Receiv'd a second life, and second father This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers: But O, how oddly will it sound, that I

Most ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances

With a heaviness that's gone.

Gos.

I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way

Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue

Should become king of Naples? O, rejoice Be; and a common joy; and set it down With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis; And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife, Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom, In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves, When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands:

[To Fer. and Mira.

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us! I prophesied, if a gallows were on land, This icllow could not drown:—Now, blasphemy, That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore? Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news? Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found Our king and company: the next our ship,—Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—I stight and yare,? and bravely rigg'd, as when We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksy<sup>3</sup> spirit!

[Aside.

Alon. These are not natural events; they

strengthen, From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you

hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several
noises

(1) In his senses. (2) Ready. (3) Clever, adroit.

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains, And more diversity of sounds, all horrible, We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty; Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, so please you, Even in a dream, were we divided from them, And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou [Aside.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod and there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle

Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable,) of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit;
[Aside.

Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell. [Exit Ariel.] How fares my gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my

head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed! How fine my master is! I am afraid

He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;

What things are these, my lord Antonio? Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them

Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable. Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords, Then say, if they be true: — This mis-shapen knave, His mother was a witch; and one so strong That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, And deal in her command, without her power: These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil (For he's a bastard one.) had plotted with them Te take my life: two of these fellows you Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I

Acknowledge mine.

Cal.

I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Sch. He is drunk now: Where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?— How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones:

I shall not fear fly-blowing. Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Stc. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.
[Pointing to Caliban.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,

ek for grace: What a thrice-double ass to take this drunkard for a god, orship this dull fool!

Go to; away!

Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Or stole it, rather.

[Execut Cal. Ste. and Trin. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train, poor cell: where you shall take your rest sone night; which (part of it) I'll waste uch discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it ck away: the story of my life, e particular accidents, gone by, came to this isle: And in the morn, ag you to your ship, and so to Naples, I have hope to see the nuptial e our dear-beloved solemniz'd; sence retire me to my Milan, where third thought shall be my grave.

I long

i.

I long
if the story of your life, which must
he ear strangely.

Pil deliver all;
romise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
all so expeditious, that shall catch
oyal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—chick,—
s thy charge; then to the elements
e, and fare thou well!—[aside.] Please you
draw near.

[Execut.

#### EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Prospero.

NOW my charms are all o'erthrown, And what strength I have's mine own; Which is most faint: now, 'tis true, I must be here confin'd by you, Or sent to Naples: Let me not, Since I have my dukedom got, And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell In this bare island, by your spell; But release me from my bands, With the help of your good hands.1 Gentle breath of yours my sails Must fill, or else my project fails, Which was to please : now I want Spirits to enforce, art to enchant; And my ending is despair, Unless I be reliev'd by prayer; Which pierces so, that it assaults Mercy itself, and frees all faults. As you from crimes would pardon'd be. Let your indulgence set me free.

(1) Applause: noise was supposed to dissolve a spell.

It is observed of The Tempest, that its plan is regular; this the author of The Revisal thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by our author. But, whatever might be Shakspeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in

mature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are her exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all spealing in their real characters. There is the agency cairy spirits, and of an earthly goblin; the operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the advertures of a desert island, the native effusion of un taught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passion and reason are equally interested.

JOHNSON.



# TWO GENTLEMEN

0 P

VERONA.

# PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Milan, father to Silvia.

Valentine, Gentlemen of Verona.

Proteus.

Antonio, father to Proteus.

Thurio, a foolish rival to Valentine. Eglamour, agent for Silvia in her escape. Speed, a clownish servant to Valentine.

Launce, servant to Proteus. Panthino, servant to Antonio.

Host, where Julia lodges in Milan.

Out-laws. Julia, a lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus. Silvia, the duke's daughter, beloved by Valentine. Lucetta, waiting-woman to Julia.

a .............. musicians.

## TWO GENTLEMEN

OF

### VERONA.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—An open place in Verona. Enter Valentine and Proteus.

#### Valentine.

CEASE to persuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Eren as I would, when I to love begin.
Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine,
adieu!

Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel: Wish me partaker in thy happiness, When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger.

If ever danger do environ thee, Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers, For he was more than over shoes in love. Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in And yet you never swam the Hellespont. Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me n boots.1 Val. No, I'll not, for it boots thee not. Val. In love, where scorn is bought with groan looks, With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's With twenty watchful, weary, tedious night If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain; If lost, why then a grievous labour won; However, but a folly bought with wit, Or else a wit by folly vanquished. Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call; Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear

Prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Val. Love is your master, for he master

And he that is so yoked by a fool,

air effects of future hopes.
e waste I time to counsel thee,
tary to fond desire?
lieu: my father at the road
oming, there to see me shipped,
thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
t Proteus, no; now let us take our
e.
me hear from thee by letters,
s in love, and what news else
in absence of thy friend;

me hear from thee by letters, s in love, and what news else in absence of thy friend; s will visit thee with mine, appiness bechance to thee in Milan! [Exit Valentine.]

ter honour hunts, I after love: friends, to dignify them more; , my friends, and all for love. hou hast metamorphos'd me; ect my studies, lose my time, d counsel, set the world at nought; th musing weak, heart sick with the county of the co

Enter Speed.

Proteus, save you: saw you my er?
ow he parted hence, to embark for n.
nty to one then, he is shipp'd already; ay'd the sheep, in losing him.
I a sheep doth very often stray, herd be awhile away.
conclude that my master is a shepthen, and I a sheep?

then my borns are his borns, whether te or sleep.

answer, and fitting well a sheep.

i

and my master seeks not use.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shep the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; for wages followes thy master, thy master, the master, the sheep shows not thee: therefore, thou art a sl. Speed. Such another proof will make m

Speed. Such another proof will make r

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave yo ter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a lace ton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my l Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, yo best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'two pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shal me for carrying your letter. Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound

Speed You mistook, air; I say, she did nod and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I. Pro. And that set together, is noddy.

Speed Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains. Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me? Speed Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beshrewl me, but you have a quick wit. Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow PERC

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she? spend Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains : what said

Find Truly, air, I think you'll hardly win her. Pro. Why? could'st thou perceive so much m ber?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from ao, not so much as a ducat for delivering r letter: and being so hard to me that brought r mind, I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in her mind. Give her no token but stones; v. What, said she nothing?

No, not so much as take this for thy To testify your bounty, I thank you, you bestern'd? me; in requital whereof, henceary your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll

Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from

betide.

(2) Given me a sixpence.

SCENE II.—The same. Garden of July house. Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone, Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unless fully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle! encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?
Luc. Please you, repeat their names, Pil show

my mind

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglanous Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fact But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think's thou of the rich Marcaist Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, as Jul. What think's thou of the gentle Protest Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in as I have now! what means this passion at his

so, because I think him so.
would'st thou have me cast my love
him?
if you thought your love not cast away.
, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.
he of all the rest, I think, best love syeittle speaking shows his love but small.
, that is closest kept, burns most of all.
do not love, that do not show their love
hey love least, that let men know their

uld. I knew his mind.

Peruse this paper, madam.

Julia, —Say, from whom?

That the contents will show.
say; who gave it thee?
Valentine's page; and sent, I think,
on Proteus:

on Proteus:

ave given it you, but I, being in the way,

name receive it; pardon the fault, I

av.

", by my modesty, a goodly broker!!
esume to harbour wanton lines?
and conspire against my youth?
me, 'tis an office of great worth,
officer fit for the place.
the paper, see it be return'd;
in no more into my sight.

plead for love deserves more fee than ite. Il you be gone?

That you may ruminate.

dyet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter. hame to call her back again, her to a fault for which I chid her. is she, that knows I am a maid, I not force the letter to my view?

## (1) A matchmaker.

And presently, all humbled, kiss the r How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence When willingly I would have had be How angrily I taught my brow to fro When inward joy enforc'd my heart My penance is, to call Lucetta back, And ask remission for my folly past:-What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would y Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc.

That you might kill your stomach! o

And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is

So gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why did'st thou Luc. To take a paper up that I le

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Jul. And why not you?

Luc.

Jul. Let's see your song:—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:

There wanteth but a mean<sup>2</sup> to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base<sup>3</sup> for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me. Here is a coil with protestation!—

[Tears the letter.

you go you gone; and let the papers he:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter.

[Exit.

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
Onateful hands, to tear such loving words!
highrous wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it, with your stings!
Il kine each several paper for amends.
And here is writ—kind Julia;—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Throughing contemptuously on thy disdain.

Look, here is writ—love-wounded Proteus.—

Poor wounded name! my bosom. as a bed,

lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down?

A cals, good wind, blow not a word away,

(1) A term in music. (3) A challenge.

(2) The tenor in mu

(4) Bustle, stir.

To the sweet Julia ;- unat 1 11 wan ...... And yet I will not, sith! so prettily He couples it to his complaining names: Thus will I fold them one upon another; Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you w

# Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your stavs.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like t here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take the Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying then Yet here they shall not lie, for catching co Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what si

see; I see things too, although you judge I win Jul. Come, come, will't please you go

--- TTL come .A room in

Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;
And did request me, to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment! to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to
that

Whereon this month I have been hammering. I have consider'd well his loss of time; And how he cannot be a perfect man, Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world: Experience is by industry achiev'd, And perfected by the swift course of time: Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Paul. I think, your lordship is not ignorant, How his companion, youthful Valentine, Attends the emperor in his royal court. Ant. I know it well.

Pant. Twee good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments, Herr sweet discourse, converse with noblemen; And be in eye of every exercise, Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

And. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it, The execution of it shall make known; Even with the specifiest execution

I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Al
phonso,

With other gentlemen of good esteem, Are journeying to salute the emperor,

(1) Reproach.

VOL I

### EMEN

to his will. em shall Prote we break wit

us.

es! sweet life her heart; nonour's pawr aud our loves ir consents!

er are your lship, 'tis a w

alentine, e from him. t me see what lord; but the

l belov'd. ror; of his fortune ected to his v lordship's wi dly wish. rted with his proceed; re an end. end some tin 's court; friends receiv from me. 0: ory. soon provide

(2) W.or

#### OF VERONA.

, deliberate a day or two.

ok, what thou want'st, shall be sent after

bee:

f stay; to-morrow thou must go.—

f stay; to-morrow thou must go.— Panthino; you shall be employ'd on his expedition.

[Exeunt Ant. and Pant. us have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of urning; h'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd: show my father Julia's letter, uld take exceptions to my love; he vantage of mine own excuse ccepted most against my love. spring of love resembleth ertain glory of an April day; v shows all the beauty of the sum, and by a cloud takes all away!

## Re-enter Panthino.

r Proteus, your father calls for you; ste, therefore, I pray you, go. by, this it is! my heart accords thereto; thousand times it answers, no.

## LEacure

## ACT II.

I.—Milan. An apartment in the alace. Enter Valentine and Speed.

ir, your glove.
: mine; my gloves are on.
Vhy then this may be yours, for this is

! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine: ment that decks a thing divine!
Silvia!

790207 A

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia! Val. How now, sirrah! Speed. She is not within hearing, sir. Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her? Speed. Your worship, sir; or else! I mistoo Val. Well, you'll still be too forward. Speed. And yet I was last chidden for beir slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know m Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how snow you that I am in lo Speed. Marry, by these special marks: Fin have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath you like a male-content; to relish a love-song, robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that h pestilence; to sigh, like a school boy that he his A. B. C.; to weep, like a young wench th buried her grandam; to fast, line one that diet; to watch, like one that fears robbin speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.2 were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a when you walked, to walk like one of the when you fasted, it was presently after dinner: you looked sadly, it was for want of money now you are m: tamorphosed with a mistress when I look on you, I can hardly think to master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me Speed. They are all perceived without yo Val. Without me? They cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain without you were so simple, none clse woul you are so without these follies, that these are within you, and shine through you in water in a urinal; that not an eye, that see but is a physician to comment on your male

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady

(1) Under a regimen.

(2) Allballow

d. She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at

Hast thou observ'd that? even she I mean.

. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, et know'st her not?

ed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Not so fair, boy, as well favoured.

d. Sir, I know that well enough.

What dost thou know?

ed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well ed.

. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but vour infinite.

ed. That's because the one is painted, and her out of all count.

! How painted? and how out of count? ed. Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, o man counts of her beauty.

How esteemest thou me? I account of her

ed. You never saw her since she was de-

u.
L How long hath she been deformed?

ed. Ever since you loved her.

1. I have loved her ever since I saw her, and see her beautiful.

ed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

l. Why?

ed. Because love is blind. O, that you had eyes; or your own had the lights they were to have, when you chid at Sir Proteus for go-gartered!

l. What should I see then?

ed. Your own present folly, and her passing mity: for he, being in love, could not see to this hose; and you, being in love, cannot see ton your hose.

l. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last grou could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my b thank you, you swinged! me for my love, makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to be Speed. I would you were set; so, your aff would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do the Peace, here she comes.

#### Enter Silvia.

Speed. O excellent motion !2 O exceeding pet! now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand morrows.

Speed. O, 'give you good even! here's a n of manners. Sit. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two

Speed. He should give her interest; and

gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your ! Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;

Which I was much unwilling to proceed in, But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'us very cle

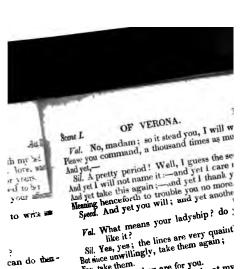
done. Val. Now trust me, madam it came hardly For, being ignorant to whom it goes,

I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so I pains?

(1) Whipped. (2) A puppet-show.

(3) Like a scholar.



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) in. 7 . \* t

Nay, take them.

Val. Mudam. they are for you. Sil Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my But I will none of them; they are for yo I would have had them writ more movin

Val. Please you, I'll write your lady sh Sil And, when it's writ, for m. sake r And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so

Val. If it please me, madam! what St. Why, if it please you, take it for

And so good-morrow, servant. Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, As a nose on a man's face, or a weat

My master sues to her; and she ha

He being her pupil, to become her t O escellent device! was there ever That my master, being scribe, to write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what an with yourcelf? Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; '4

the reason. Val To do what? Speed. To be a spokesman fro Val. To whom?

jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir: but

you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry v

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.
Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.
Speed. And that letter hath she delivered,
there an end.

Val. I would, it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

Speed. I'll warrant you, us as well:

For often you have writ to her; and she modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not a reply,
Or fearing else some messenger, that migh

mind discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to

All this I speak in print; for in print I found

unto her lover .-

## III. OF VERONA.

II.—Verona. A room in Julia's house. Enter Proteus and Julia.

Have patience, gentle Julia. must, where is no remedy. When possibly I can, I will return. f you turn not, you will return the sooner : s remembrance for thy Julia's sake. Giving a ring. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss. Here is my hand for my true constancy; en that hour o'er-slips me in the day, I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, t ensuing hour some foul mischance t me for my love's forgetfulness! er stays my coming; answer not; is now: nay, not the tide of tears; le will stay me longer than I should; [Exit Julia. rewell.-What! gone without a word? rue love should do : it cannot speak ; h hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

#### Enter Panthino.

Sir Proteus, you are staid for.
Go; I come, I come:—
his parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
[Exeunt.

fE III.—The same. A street. Enter Launce, leading a dog.

L Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done ;; all the kind! of the Launces have this alt: I have received my proportion, like the.

(1) Kindred, E 2 the Imperial's comsourest-natured dog that lives : my ....... my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our home in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear : he is a stone, a very pebblestone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have went to have seen our parting: why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father :- no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither; -yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole: this shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father: vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is a sister: for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I s the dog:-no, the dog is himself, and I am t dog.—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; av, Now come I to my father; Father, your bl

one: now should not the shoe speak a word

hand I kiss my father; well

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog. Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood: and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service.—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service? The tide!-why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears ; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go? Laun. Well, I will go.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Milan. An apartment in the Duke's palace. Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. Servant—

Val. Mistress? Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.1

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so. Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, 2 I do.

(1) Serious.

(2) Perhaps.



Val. Wise.
Thu. What instance of the contra

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote! you my foll

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Wall then I'll double your

Val. Well, then, I'll double your Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? dc colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for thi Val. I know it well, sir; you alway begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlem ly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; w

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you Sir Thurio borrows his wit from you looks, and spends what he borrows, company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for v I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have of words, and, I think, no other tre your followers; for it appears by thei that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no mo

(1) Observe.



#### cene IV. OF VERONA.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are her Valentine, your father's in good health that say you to a letter from your frience funch good news?

Val.

My lord, I will be t

Val. My lord, I will be to any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your coman?

Val Ay, my good lord, I know the gention of worth, and worthy estimation, and not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well serves

he honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

al. I knew him as myself; for from our i

fancy have convers'd, and spent our hours together though myself have been an idle truant. ng the sweet benefit of time, the mine age with angel-like perfection; th Sir Proteus, for that's his name, se and fair advantage of his days: rs but young, but his experience old; l unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe; word (for far behind his worth the praises that I now bestow,) plete in feature, and in mind, good grace to grace a gentleman. Beshrew! me, sir, but, if he make th ood. orthy for an empress' love,

orthy for an empress' love, be an emperor's counsellor. 'is gentleman is come to me, idation from great potentales; leans to spend his time awhile

## (1) Ill betide,

Duke. Welcome him then accordi

Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Th For Valentine, I need not cite! him to it Pll send him hither to you presently. E Val. This is the gentleman, I told your Had come along with me, but that his m Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal lo Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfi

them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.
Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them

The state of the s

ers still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and blind,

How could he see his way to seek out you Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair Thu. They say, that love hath not an ey Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as you Upon a homely object love can wink.

Swect lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed; Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself. Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No; that you are worthless.

#### Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [Exit Servant. Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[Excunt Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you; I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:

I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,

With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs; For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

Lore hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes and made them watchers of mine own heart's

O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord; And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,



## 112 TWO GENTLEMEN

Act II.

There is no wo to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye: Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint? Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.
Ful. O, flatter me; for love delights in present
Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter
pills;

And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine, Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love

Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Fal. And I will help thee to prefer her too: She shall be dignified with this high honour,— To bear my lady's train: lest the base earth Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss, And, of so great a favour growing proud, Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower, And make rough winter everlasting.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To ber, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;

She is alone.

Pry. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;

And I is tich in having such a jewel,

As twenty sear, if all their sand were pearl,

The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

Forgive me, that I do not dream on thes,

١.

cause thou seest me dote upon my love. foolish rival, that her father likes, ly for his possessions are so huge, gone with her along; and I must after. r love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy. Pro. But she loves you? Val. Av, and we are betroth'd: y, more, our marriage hour, th all the cunning manner of our flight, termen'd of: how I must climb her window: eladder made of cords; and all the means ated; and 'greed on, for my happiness. od Proteus, go with me to my chamber, these affairs to aid me with thy counsel. Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth: oust unto the road, to disembark ne necessaries that I needs must use ; d then I'll presently attend you. Val. Will you make haste? Pro. I will .-[Exit Val. en as one heat another heat expels, as one nail by strength drives out another, the remembrance of my former love by a newer object quite forgotten. it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise, " true perfection, or my false transgression, int makes me, reasonless, to reason thus? e's fair: and so is Julia, that I love: at I did love, for now my love is thaw'd; hich, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire, ars no impression of the thing it was. ethinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold; ad that I love him not, as I was wont: but I love his lady too, too much; and that's the reason I love him so little. ow shall I dote on her with more advice,1 but thus without advice begin to love her! is but her picture I have yet beheld,

## (1) On further knowledge.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet am not welcome. I reckon this always is never undone, till he be hanged; no come to a place, till some certain shot the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I' house with you presently; where for five pence, thou shalt have five thousand But, sirrah, how did thy master part

Julia.

Laun. Marry, after they closed in parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him? Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?
Laun. No, they are both as whole

## OF VERONA.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is all

e. Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Jam. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he in, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say noing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from a, but by a parable.

Speed. Tis well that I get it so. But, I aunce, we say'st thou, that my master is become a notablover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

zene VI.

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant waster.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot

Liun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he in himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the shouse, so; if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, d not worth the name of a Christian. Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in a set o go to the ale-house with a Christian: ilt thou go?

Speed At thy service. [Execut.

ENE VI.—The same. An apartment in the palace. Enter Proteus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn; bore fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn; wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn; deem that power, which gave me first my oath, takes me to this threefold perjury.

Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswes O sweet-suggesting! love, if thou hast sinn'd, Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it. At first i d.d adore a twinkling star, But now I worship a celesial sun. Univerdial voies may beedfully be broken; And he wants wit, that wants resolved will To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better Fie. fie, unreverend tongue! to call ber bad, Winse sovereignty so off thou hast preferr'd With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths. I cannot leave to love, and yet I do: But there I leave to lo.e, where I should love. Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose; If I keep them, I need- must lose myself; If I lose them, thus find I by their loss, For Valentine, myself: for Julia, Silvia. I to myself am dearer than a friend; For lose is still more precious in itself; And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair! Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope. I will forget that Julia is alive. Remembiring that my love to her is dead; And Valentine I'll hold an enemy, Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend. I cannot now prove constant to myself, Without some treachery used to Valentine:-This night he meaneth with a corded ladder To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window; Myself in counsel, his competitor :2 Now presently I'll give her father notice Of their disguising, and pretended3 flight; Who, al' enrig'd, will banish Valentine; For T'mrio, he intends, shall wed his daughter But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross, By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceed Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swif As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [E I.—Verona. A room in Julia's Enter Julia and Lucetta.

I, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me! ind love, I do conjure thee,—ble wherein all my thoughts uracter'd and engrav'd,— and tell me some good mean, honour, I may undertake ny loving: Proteus.

the way is wearisome and long.-devoted pilgrim is not weary redoms with his feeble steps; I she, that hath love's wings to fly; flight is made to one so dear, perfection. as Sir Proteus. forbear, till Proteus make return.

v'st thou not, his looks are my soul's

that I have pined in, that food so long a time. know the inly touch of love, as soon go kindle fire with snow. nch the fire of love with words. at seek to quench your love's hot fire; : fire's extreme rage, ourn above the bounds of reason. ore thou dam'st1 it up, the more it hat with gentle murmur glides, , being stopp'd, impatiently doth fair course is not hindered, et music with the enamell'd stones, e kiss to every sedge in his pilgrimage; ny winding nooks he strays,

(1) Closest.

A blessed sout dom in Line.

I.u. But in what habit will you go ak Jul. Not like a woman; for I would I. The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds As may be seen some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken
With twenty odd-conceited true-love kn
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.
Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I i

breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as—'tell me

What compass will you wear your fart
Why, even that fashion thou best lik's
Luc. You must needs have them

piece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be
Luc A round hose, madam, now's

me welcome to my Proteus. All these are servants to deceitful men. use men, that use them to so base effect! stars did govern Proteus' birth; are bonds, his oaths are oracles; incere, his thoughts immaculate; pure messengers sent from his heart; as far from fraud, as heaven from earth. hav heaven, he prove so, when you cometo him! ow, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong, t hard opinion of his truth: rve my love, by loving him; ently go with me to my chamber. note of what I stand in need of. 1 me upon my longing! journey. mine I leave at thy dispose, , my lands, my reputation: eu thereof, despatch me hence: swer not, but to it presently; [Excunt. stient of my tarriance.

## ACT III.

I.—Milan. An anti-room in the Duke's

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Proteus.

Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;

(1) Longed for.

We nav-

Now, tell me, Proteus, which that with Pro. My gracious lord, that with The law of friendship bids me to conceal: But, when I call to mind your gracious favours

Done to me, undeserving as I am, Notice which improve the control of the control of

way only prices me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from
Which else no worldly good should draw frie
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my frie This night intends to steal away your daug Myself am one made privy to the plot.

I know, you have determin'd to bestow her on Thurio, whom your gentle daughter he And should she thus be stolen away from It would be much vexation to your age. would be much vexauon to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
Thus, for my friend in his intended drift.
To cross my friend in his intended. Than, by concealing it, heap on your h

A pack of sorrows, which would press Being unprevented, to your timeless E Duke.

Which to require, command me while This love of theirs myself have often Haply, when they have judged me And oftentimes have purposed to for And oftentimes have purposed to for And oftentime her company, and m

Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean

mean
s her chamber-window will ascend,
th a corded ladder fetch her down;
ich the youthful lover now is gone,
s way comes he with it presently;
if it please you, you may intercept him.
od my lord, do it so cunningly,
y discovery be not aimed! at;
e of you, not hate unto my friend,
ade me publisher of this pretence.?
c. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
had any light from thee of this.
Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming.

(Exit.

#### Enter Valentine.

e. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast? Please it your grace, there is a messenger ays to bear my letters to my friends, um going to deliver them. e. Be they of much import? The tenor of them doth but signify alth, and happy being at your court. z. Nay, then no matter; stay with me awhile: break with thee of some affairs, uch me near, wherein thou must be secret. t unknown to thee, that I have sought tch my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match rich and honourable; besides, the gentlefrirtue, bounty, worth, and qualities og such a wife as your fair daughter: our grace win her to fancy him?

1) Guessed.

(2) Design.

Ad

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, ward,

Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty; Neither regarding that she is my child, Nor fearing me as if I were her father; And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her; And, where I thought the remnant of mine age Should have been cherish'd by her child-like of I now am full resolved to take a wife, And turn her out to who will take her in: Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower; For me and my possessions she esteems not. Val. What would your grace have me to de

Val. What would your grace have me to de this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here, Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy, And nought esteems my aged eloquence: Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor (For long agone I have forgot to court: Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd;) How, and which way, I may bestow myself, To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not wo Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind, More than quick words, do move a woman's m Duke. But she did scorn a present that I:

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best of tents her.

Send her another; never give her o'er; For scorn at first makes after-love the more. If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you, 'But rather to beget more love in you: If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone; For why, the fools are mad, if left alone. Take no repulse, whatever she doth say; For. get you gone, she doth not mean, away: Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their grants.

Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces. That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man, If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she, I mean, is promis'd by her friends

Unto a youthful gentleman of worth; And kept severely from resort of men, That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys

kept safe, That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;

And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords.

To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks, Would serve to scale another Hero's tower, So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood, Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child, That longs for every thing that he can come by. Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder. Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone; How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it

Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Fal. Ay, my good lord.

What letter is this same: \*\* was on And here an engine fit for my proceeding! I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly; And slaves they are to me, that send them flying: O, could their master come and go as lightly, Himself would lodge, where senseless they are

lying.

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them, While I, their king, that thither them importune, Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them.

Because myself do want my servants' fortum: I curse myself, for they are sent by me, That they should harbour where their lord should

What's here? Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:

'Tis so: and here's the ladder for the purpose. Why, Phaëton (for thou art Merops' son,) .... to mide the heavenly car.

## Some I. OF VERO

By heaven, my wrath shall fi I ever bore my daughter, or Be gone, I will not hear thy But, as thou lov'st thy life hence.

Val. And why not deatl

To die, is to be banish'd fron And Silvia is myself: banish Is self from self; a deadly b What light is light, if Silvia l What joy is joy, if Silvia be Unless it be to think that she And feed upon the shadow o Except I be by Silvia in the There is no music in the nigl Unless I look on Silvia in the There is no day for me to lo She is my essence; and I le: If I be not by her fair influer Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'e I fly not death, to fly his dea Tarry I here, I but attend or But, fly I hence, I fly away i

#### Enter Proteus an

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, Laux. So-ho! so-ho! Pro. What seest thou? Laux. Him we go to fin On's head, but 'tis a Valentin Pro. Valentine? Val. No. Pro. Who then? his spiri Val. Neither. Pro. What then? Val. Nothing. Laux. Can nothing speak Pro. When would'at the

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, förbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray vou,-

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,

much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine, r they are harsh, untunable; and bad.

Val. 1s Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia! th she forsworn me?

Pro. No. Valentine.

"al. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!--

nat is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vanish'd.

That thou art banish'd, O, that's the news:

om hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend. "al. O, I have fed upon this wo already, d now excess of it will make me surfeit. h Silvia know that I am Lanish'd? 2ro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doors hich, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force) ea of melting pearl, which some call tears:

>sc at her father's churlish feet she tender'd; th them, upon her knees, her humble self: inging her hands, whose whiteness so became them.

if but now they waxed pale for wo: neither bended knees pure hands held un. s: hs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears. 'd penetrate her uncompassionate sire; Valertine, if he be ta'en, must die. les, her intercession chaf'd him so,

#### OF VERONA.

he for thy repeal was suppliant. close prison he commanded her. my bitter threats of 'biding there. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st. ne malignant power upon my life : may thee, breathe it in mine ear, g anthem of my endless dolour. Cease to lament for that thou canst not y help for that which thou lament'st. he nurse and breeder of all good. hou stay, thou canst not see thy love; thy staying will abridge thy life. lover's staff; walk hence with that. age it against despairing thoughts. rs may be here, though thou art hence; eing writ to me, shall be deliver'd he milk-white bosom of thy love. now serves not to expostulate: I convey thee through the city-gate; I part with thee, confer at large it may concern thy love-affairs: ov'st Silvia, though not for thyself, ny danger, and along with me. pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy, rake haste, and meet me at the north gate. io, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine. my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine! [Ereunt Valentine and Proteus.

[Ereunt Valentine and Proteus. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have o think, my master is a kind of knave: all one, if he be but one knave. He now, that knows me to be in love: yet I e; but a team of horse shall not pluck me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a but that woman, I will not tell myself;

(1) Grief,

more qualities than a water-span much in a bare Christian. Here [pulling out a paper] of her condition She can fetch and carry. Why, a no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, ry; therefore, is she better than a She can milk; look you, a sweet vir with clean hands.

# Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce? with your mastership? Laun. With my master's ship? why Speed. Well, your old vice still; why word: what news then in your paper? Laun. The blackest news that heard'st. Speed. Why, man, how black? Laun. Why, as black as ink. Speed. Let me read them.

Speed. Item, She can sew.

Laun. That's as much as to say, Can she so? Speed. Item, She can knit.

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. Item, She can wash and scour.

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. Item, She can spin.

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels,

when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, She hath many nameless virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues;
that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore
have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, She is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: read on.

Speed. Item, She hath a sweet mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath. Speed. Item, She doth talk in her sleep.

Lann. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, She is slow in words.

Laun. O villain, that set this down among her rices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her thief virtue.

Speed. Item, She is proud.

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy,

Speed. Item. She hath no teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love

ged. Item, She is curst.

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth

will not, I will; for good things should be |
Speed. Item, She is too liberal.

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for the down she is slow of: of her purse she shall that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing st and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, She hath more hair than a more faults than hairs, and more weal

faults.

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she w and not mine, twice or thrice in that last rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, She hath more hair than:
Laun. More hair than wit,—it may
prove it: the cover of the salt hides the
therefore it is more than the salt; the
covers the wit, is more than the wit; for th
hides the less. What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs,— Laun. That's monstrous: O, that that Speed. And more wealth than faults. letter: an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. A room in the Duke's palace. Enter Duke and Thurio; Proteus behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,

That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.— How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously. Pro. A little time, my lord will kill that grief. Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee (For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,)

Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loval to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant

How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here
Duke. Ay, and perversely she persevers so.

What might we do, to make the girl forget

(4)

The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio? Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent Three things that women highly hold in hate Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spe

hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spr
By one, whom she estcemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slande
Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth te
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot adve him, Your slander never can endamage him;

Therefore the office is indifferent, Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can By aught that I can speak in his dispraise, She shall not long continue love to him. But say, this weed her love from Valentine, It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love him.

Lest it should ravel, and be good to none, You must provide to bottom it on me: Which must be done, by praising me as must As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you kind:

Because we know, on Valentine's report, You are already love's firm votary, And cannot soon revolt and change your mit Upon this warrant shall you have access, Where you with Silvia may confer at large For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy, And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of Where you may temper her, by your persu To hate young Valentine, and love my frie

### *■ II.* OF VERONA.

'ro. As much as I can do, I will effect :you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough: must lay lime,1 to tangle her desires, wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes. ald be full fraught with serviceable vows. wke. Av. much the force of heaven-bred poesy ro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart: te till your ink be dry; and with your tears st it again; and frame some feeling line, t may discover such integrity :-Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews: me golden touch could soften steel and stones. e tigers tame, and huge leviathans ake unsounded deeps to dance on sands. r your dire-lamenting elegies. by night your lady's chamber-window some sweet concert: to their instruments a deploring dump;2 the night's dead silence well become such sweet complaining grievor else nothing, will inherit her. whe. This discipline shows thou hast been in iu. And thy advice this night I'll put in pracefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver, s into the city presently rt<sup>3</sup> some gentlemen well skill'd in music: e a sonnet, that will serve the turn. ve the onset to thy good advice.

We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
afterward determine our proceedings.
 Even now about it; I will pardon you.

Bird-lime.
 Choose out.

ike. About it, gentlemen.

(2) Mournful elegy.

Exeunt.

### ACT IV.

# SCENE I.—A forest, near Mantus. Em

1 Out. Fellows, stand fast: I see a passenger.
2 Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

### Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villain. That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,-

1 Out. That's not so, sir; we are your enemied 2 Out. Peace; we'll hear him.

3 Out. Ay, by my beard, will we;

For he's a proper! man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to loss
A man I am, cross'd with adversity:

My riches are these poor habilaments,

Of which if you should here disfurnish me, You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 Out. Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 Out. Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 Out. Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer in have staid.

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

2 Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehear!

(1) Well-looking.

ill'd a man, whose death I much repent: t yet I slew him manfully in fight, ithout false vantage, or base treachery. 1 Out. Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so: it were you banish'd for so small a fault? Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom. 1 Out. Have you the tongues? Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy: else I often had been miserable. 3 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar. his fellow were a king for our wild faction. 1 Out. We'll have him: sirs, a word. Speed. Master, be one of them; is an honourable kind of thievery. Val. Peace, villain! 2 Out. Tell us this: have you any thing to take Val. Nothing, but my fortune. 3 Out. Know then, that some of us are gentle-

wch as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Insustrom the company of awful? men:
Myself was from Verona banished,
for practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood 3 I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as
these.

But to the purpose—(for we cite our faults, That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,) And, partly, seeing you are beautified With soodly shape; and by your own report A linguist; and a man of such perfection, At we do in our quality much want:—

20ut. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,

(1) Languages.
(3) Anger, resentment.

(2) Lawful.

Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you: Are you content to be our general? To make a virtue of necessity,

And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 Out. What sav'st thou? wilt thou be of our

consort?

Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:

We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee, Love thee as our commander, and our king.

 Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diet
 Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you; Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 Out. No, we detest such vile base practices. Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews, And show thee all the treasure we have got; Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[Exput.]

### SCENE II.—Milan. Court of the palace. Exter Proteus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine, And now I must be as unjust to Thurio. Under the colour of commending him, I have access my own love to prefer; But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy, To be corrupted with my worthless gifts. When I protest true loyalty to her, She twits me with my falsehood to my friend; When to her beauty I commend my vows, She bids me think, how I have been forsworn. In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd: And, notwithstanding all her sudden quipa. The least where of would quell a lover's boye. Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love.

### (1) Passionate reproaches.

#### OF VERONA.

ows and fawneth on her still.

s Thurio: now must we to her win-

evening music to her ear.

r Thurio, and musicians.

now, sir Proteus? are you crept e us? entle Thurio; for, you know, that

ervice where it cannot go.
ut, I hope, sir, that you love not here.
it I do; or else I would be hence.
n? Silvia?
lvia—for your sake.
k you for your own. Now, gentle-

I to it lustily awhile.

at a distance; and Julia in boy's clothes.

my young guest! methinks you're ray you, why is it?; mine host, because I cannot be y.

; we'll have you merry: I'll bring a shall hear music, and see the genask'd for.

all I hear him speak?
hat you shall.
vill be music.
!! hark!

but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

mong these?

via? What is she, our swains commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she; The heavens such grace did lend her, That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair? For beauty lives with kindness: Love doth to her eyes repair, To help him of his blindness; And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing, That Silvia is excelling; She excels each mortal thing, Upon the dull earth dwelling: To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you before?
How do you, man? the music likes you not.
Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me n
Host. Why, my pretty youth?
Jul. He plays false, father.
Host. How? out of tune on the strings?
Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieve very heart-strings.
Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music. Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so. Host. Hark, what fine change is in the m Jul. Ay; that change is the spite. Host. You would have them always play one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but thing.

But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk o Often resort unto this gentlewoman? Host. I tall you what Launce, his man, to rout of all nick.¹
ere is Launce?
ne to seek his dog; which, to-morrow,
ter's command, he must carry for a
is lady.
ce! stand aside! the company parts.
Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
all say, my cunning drift excels.
here meet we?
aint Gregory's well.
eveell.

[Exeunt Thuris and Musicians.

appears above, at her window.

tam, good even to your ladyship.

ik you for your music, gentlemen:
, that spake?
, lady, if you knew his pure heart's
th,
ly learn to know him by his voice.

roteus, as I take it.
Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
t is your will?

That I may compass yours. ave your wish; my will is even this,—tly you hie you home to bed.
perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

1, I am so shallow, so conceitless, ed by thy flattery,
ceiv'd so many with thy vows?

11, and make thy love amends.
this pale queen of night I swear,
om granting thy request,
se thee for thy wrongful suit;
by intend to chide myself,
time I spend in talking to thee.

11, sweet love, that I did love a lady;

### ) Beyond all reckoning.

### TWO GENTLEMEN At IV.

But she is dead.

140

Jul. 'Twere false, if I should speak i;
For, I am sure, she is not buried. [Asia.
Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy final
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,

I am betroth'd: And art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.
Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the end Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's these Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdume, Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love, The picture that is hanging in your chamber; To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep: For, since the substance of your perfect self Is else devoted, I am but a shadow; And to your shadow I will make true love.

Jul. If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, d

And make it but a shadow, as I am. Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir; But, since your falsehood shall become you well. To worship shadows, and adore false shapes, Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it: And so good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er-night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[Exeunt Proteus; and Silvia, from

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom,! I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies sir Protens?

Host. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I d

'tis almost day.

### (1) Holy dame, blessed lady.

ul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night t e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [Excunt.

[ Tracent.

ENE III.—The same. Enter Eglamour.

'gl. This is the hour that madam Silvia reated me to call, and know her mind; re's some great matter she'd employ me in. dam, madam!

Silvia appears above, at her window.

Who calls?

Fgl. -Your servant, and your friend; that attends your ladyship's command. iii. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-mor-

Egi. As many, worthy lady, to yourself. ording to your ladyship's impose,1 n thus early come, to know what service your pleasure to command me in. il. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman ink not, Effatter, for, I swear, I do not,) iant, wise, remorseful,2 well accomplish'd. n art not ignorant, what dear good will ar unto the banish'd Valentine: how my father would enforce me marry n Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd. melf hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say, grief did ever come so near your heart, when thy lady and thy true love died. m whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity. Eglamour, I would to Valentine. Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode; l, for the ways are dangerous to pass, desire thy worthy company, m whose faith and honour I repose. s not my father's anger, Eglamour.

Injunction, command.

(2) Pitiful.

TWO GENTLEMEN

t think upon my grief, a ledy's grief; id on the justice of my flying hence, a keep me from a most unholy match, which heaven and fortune still reward

do desire thee, even from a heart As full of sorrows as the sea of sands, To bear me company, and go with me: If not, to hide what I have said to thee,

That I may venture to depart alone. Egl. Madam, I pity much your grieve Which since I know they virtuously ere place

I give consent to go along with you; Recking as little what bet deth me,

As much I wish all good befortune you. This evening coming.

When will you go? At friar Patrick's well

Egl. Where shall I meet you? Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:

Good-morrow, gentle lady. Sil. Good-morrow, kind sir Eglamour.

### Enier Launce, SCENE IV.—The same. his dog.

When a man's servant shall play the him, look you, it goes hard: one that I broke of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning three or four of his blind brothers and sist to it! I have taught him even us one w precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. to deliver him, as a present to mistress my master; and I came no sooner into chamber, but he steps me to her the steals her capon's ley. O, the a four (1) Caring.

If I had not had more wit than he, to wate a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure as I live, he had suffered for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemenlike dogs, under the duke's table : he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while; but all the chamber smelt him. Out with the dog, says one; What cur is that? says another; Whip him out, mys the third; Hang him up, says the duke. having been acquainted with the smell before. knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the doys: Friend, quoth I, you mean to thip the dog? Ay, marry, do I, quoth he. You to him the more wrong, quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of. He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he bath stoled, otherwise he had been executed: I here stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you wved me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst hou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

And, In what you please;—I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant?

[To Launce.

(1) Restrain.

Where have you been these two days loitering? Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she, to my little jewel? Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me? Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the marketplace: and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift

the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again, Or ne'er return again unto my sight. Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here? A slave, that, still an end, turns me to shame. Exit Launce

Sebastian, I have entertained thee, Partly, that I have need of such a youth, That can with some discretion do my business, For 'tis no trusting to you foolish lowt: But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour; Which (if my augury deceive me not) Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth: Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee. Go presently, and take this ring with thee, Deliver it to madam Silvia: She loved me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you loved her not, to leave her token:

She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so; I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

(1) In the end.

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she loved you as well

As you do love your lady Silvia:

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love; You dote on her, that cares not for your love.

Tis pity, love should be so contrary; And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady, I claim the promise for her heavenly picture. Four message done, hie home unto my chamber, Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

Jul. How many women would do such a mes-

sage? Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs: Alas, poor fool! Why do I pity him That with his very heart despiseth me? Because he loves her, he despiseth me; Because I love him, I must pity him. This ring I gave him, when he parted from me, To bind him to remember my good will: And now am I (unhappy messenger) To plead for that, which I would not obtain; To carry that which I would have refus'd; To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd. I un my master's true confirmed love; But cannot be true servant to my master, Unless I prove false traitor to myself. let I will woo for him: but yet so coldly, As heaven, it knows, I would not have him speed.

### Enter Silvia, attended.

la bing me where to speak with madam Silvia.

See What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, sir Proteus, madam. Sil. O!-He sends you for a picture?

Jul. Av. madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there. Picture brought.

Go, give your master this: tell him from me, One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget, Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow. Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.

Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd Delivered you a paper that I should not; This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again. Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me. Sil. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines: I know, they are stuff'd with protestations, And full of new-found oaths; which he will break As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring. Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me ? For, i have heard him say a thousand times,

His Julia gave it him at his departure: Though his false fuger hath profan'd the ring. Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you. Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her = Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much-Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself: To think upon her woes, I do protest, That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus bath forso

Jul. I think she doth, and that's her came sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair? 147 Jul. She hath been fairer, madem, than she is: When she did think my master lov'd her well, She, in my judgment, was as fair as you; But since she did neglect her looking glass, And threw her son-expelling mask away. The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks, And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face, That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she? Jul. About my stature : for, at Pentecost, When all our pageants of delight were play'd, Our youth got me to play the woman's part, and I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown, Vhich served me as fit by all men's judgment, sif the garment had been made for me; berefore, I know she is about my height. d, at that time, I made her weep a-good,2 t I did play a lamentable part; dam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight; ich I so lively acted with my tears, t my poor mistress, moved therewithal, t bitterly; and, would I might be dead, a thought felt not her very sorrow! She is beholden to thee, gentle youth !poor lady! desolate and left!nyself, to think upon thy words. youth, there is my purse; I give thee this sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'sther. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you ous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.

ny master's suit will be but cold, e respects my mistress' love so much.

w love can trifle with itself! per picture : Let me see ; I think,

hitsuntide,

(2) In good earnest.

had such a tire,1 this face of mine re full as lovely as is this of hers: I vet the painter flatter'd her a little. ess I flatter with myself too much. hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow: hat be all the difference in his love. get me such a colour'd periwig. eves are grey as glass; and so are mine but her forehead's low, and mine's as his at should it be, that he respects in her, I can make respective2 in myself, his fond love were not a blinded god? ne, shadow, come, and take this shadow t 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form! ou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd lov'd, and ad l. were there sense in his idolatry, substance should be statue in thy stead. use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake, it us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow. ould have scratch'd out your unseeing ev make my master out of love with thee.

### ACT V.

ENE I.—The same. An abbey.
Eglamour.

Igl. The sun begins to gild the western all now, it is about the very hour at Silvia, at Patrick's cell, should meet me will not fail; for lovers break not hours, ess it be to come before their time; auch they spur their expedition.

Enter Silvia.

where she comes: Lady, a happy evening

(1) Head-dress.

(2) Respectable

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour! Out at the postern by the abbey-wall; I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues

If we recover that, we are sure! enough. [Excunt.

SCENE II.—The same. An apartment in the Duke's palace. Enter Thurio, Proteus, and Julia.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit? Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was; And yet she takes exceptions at your person. Thu. What, that my leg is too long? Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat

rounder. Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is, Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes. Jul. 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies'

eyes; for I had rather wink than look on them. [Aside.

Thu. How likes she my discourse? Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love, and

peace? Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your Aside.

peace. Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that. She needs not, when she knows it coward-\Aside. ice.



Pro. That they are out by lease. Jul. Here comes the duke.

### Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus? how n Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of lat

Thu. Not I. Pro. Nor L.

Duke.

Saw you, m

Pro.

3 2 0 3

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto t

And Eglamour is in her company.

This true; for friar Laurence met then
As he in penance wander'd through t'
Him he knew well, and guess'd that i
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Egfamour that goes with her. [Exit.
Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [Exit.

SCENE III,-Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest. Enter Silvia, and Out-laws.

Out. Come, come;

Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us, Bet Moyses, and Valerius, follow him. Go thou with her to the west end of the wood, There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled; The thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind, And will not use a woman lawlessly. Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee!

Exeunt.

# SCENE IV. - Another part of the Forest. Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record! my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Let, growing ruinous, the building fail,

### 152 TWO GENTLEMEN

Ad T

And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—
What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day!
These are my mates, that make their wills the
law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chace:
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here
[Steps and

#### Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you (Though you respect not aught your servant don To razard life, and rescue you from him That would have forc'd your honour and yo

love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
Val. How like a dream is this I see and hen
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile. [As

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am! Pro. Unhappy, were you, madam, ere I can But, by my coming, I have made you happy. Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most happy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to y presence.

Sil. Hed I been seized by a hungry lion, I would have been a breakfast to the beast, I would have been a breakfast to the beast, Rather than have false Proteus rescue me. O, neaven be judge, how I love Valentine, Wrose life's as tender to me as my soul; Aud full as much (for more there cannot be,) I do detest false perjur'd Proteus:

### (1) Reward.

In love.

### OF VERONA.

e be gone, solicit me no more. What dangerous action, stood it next to death. not undergo for one calm look? curse in love, and still approv'd,1 men cannot love where they're belov'd. hen Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd. r Julia's heart, thy first best love. se dear sake thou didst then rend thy usand oaths; and all those oaths d into perjury, to love me. t no faith left now, unless thou hadst two, s far worse than none; better have none ral faith, which is too much by one: nterfeit to thy true friend!

ects friend?

All men but Proteus.
ay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
y change you to a milder form,
ou like a soldier, at arms' end;
you 'gainst the nature of love, force you
neaven!
I'll force thee yield to my desire.

iffian, let go that rude uncivil touch; id of an ill fashion!

Valentine! hou common friend, that's without faith or love;

is a friend now,) treacherous man!
beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine

e persuaded me: Now I dare not say friend alive; thou would'st disprove me. id be trusted now, when one's right hand to the bosom? Proteus,

(1) Felt, experienced. G 2



I tender it here; I do as truly sumer, As e'er I did commit.

And once again I do receive thee home Who by repentance is not satisfied, Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these By penitence the Eternal's wrath's app And, that my love may appear plain s All that was mina in Silvia, I give thee Jul. O me, unhappy!

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how is the matter?

Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master
To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;
Which, out of my neglect, was never
Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [( Pro. How! let me see:

Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

And entertain'd them deeply in her heart: How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!! O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush! Be thou saham'd, that I have took upon me Such an immodest raiment; if shame live In a disguise of love: If is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true: O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all

sms:

Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?
Fal. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
"Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for

Jul. And I have mine.

Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, I say; It is my lord the duke.

Sanished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy
death;

Come not within the measure? of my wrath: Do not name Silvia thine: if once again, Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,

(1) An allusion to cleaving the pin in archery.
(2) Length of my sword.

Take but possession of her with a touch!

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her.

I hold him but a fool, that will endanger His body for a girl that loves him not: I claim her not, and therefore she is thine

Duke. The more degenerate and base
To make such means! for her as thou has
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' lot
Know then, I here forget all former grief

Know then, I here forget all former grief. Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit, To which I thus subscribe,—sir Valentin Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd; Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's s To grant one boon that I shall ask of you Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate' Val. These banish'd men, that I he

withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed
And let them be recall'd from their exile
They are reformed, civil, full of good,

And fit for great employment, worthy lor Duke. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon t thee:

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their des With triumphs,? mirth, and rare solemnit Come, let us go; we will include all jars Val. And, as we walk slong, I dare be With our discourse to make your grace t What think you of this page, my lord?

(1) Interest. (2) Masks, revels. (3) C

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; blushes. Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace the

boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying? Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass alon. That you will wonder what hath fortuned .-Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear The story of your loves discovered: That done, our day of marriage shall be yours; One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

Exeun

In this play there is a strange mixture of know ledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. Th versification is often excellent, the allusions as learned and just; but the author conveys h heroes by sea from one inland town to another i the same country; he places the emperor at Milai and sends his young men to attend him, but neve mentions him more; he makes Proteus, after an it terview with Silvia, say he has only seen her pic ture: and, if we may credit the old copies, he ha by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable The reason of all this confusion seems to be, the he took his story from a novel which he sometime followed, and sometimes forsook; sometimes r membered, and sometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to Shal speare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from hin to whom shall it be given? This question may ! asked of all the disputed plays, except Titus Al dronicus; and it will be found more credible, the Shakspeare might sometimes sink below his highe that any other should rise up to lowest. 10НИ2ОИ



# MERRY WIVES

03

WINDSOR.

#### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ir John Falstaff. enton. pallow, a country justice. ender, cousin to Shallow. two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor. Ir. Page, ( Villiam Page, a boy, son to Mr. Page. r Hugh Evans, a Welsh parson. r. Caius, a French physician. ost of the Garter Inn. ardolph. followers of Falstaff. ym, obin, page to Falstaff. mple, servant to Slender. ugby, servant to Dr. Caius. rs. Ford.

rs. Page.

rs. Anne Page, her daughter, in love with Fenten.

rs. Quickly, servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

Scene, Windsor; and the parts adjacent.

# RRY WIVES

0E

WINDSOR.

# ACT 1.

8.

I.-Windsor. Before Page's hu Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir!

## Shallow.

Hugh, persuade me not; I will make ber matter of it: if he were twenty S affs, he shall not abuse Robert Shall

len. In the county of Gloster, justice o Shall Ay, cousin Slender, and cust-ak

Slen. Ay, and restolorum too; and a f m, master parson; who writes himself any bill, warrant, quittance, or obliq nigero.

Shel Ay, that we do; and have do these three hundred years. Sies All his successors, some before deset; and all his ancestors, that con

(1) A title formerly appropriated (2) Custos rotulofia

may: they may give the dozen white laces

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the sale

an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying. Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarte

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r'-lady; if he has a quarter coat, there is but three skirts for yourself simple coaje-ctures: but that is all one: if a Falstaff have committed disparagements us I am of the church, and will be glad to do nevolence, to make atonements and completiveen you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a Eva. It is not meet the council hear a rio is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, ho shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not a riot: take your viraments in that

a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o'my life, if I were young ag

sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the swo end it: and there is also another device prain, which, peradventure, prings goot dis with it: there is Anne Page, which is dam master George Page, which is pretty virgin

Sien. Mistress Anne Page? She has brow

and speaks small! like a woman.

Eva. It is that fery person for all the '
just as you will desire; and seven hundred
of monies, and gold, and silver, is her gr
upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyfe

(1) By our. (3) Advisement. (2) Court of star-ci (4) Soft.



### OF WINDSOR.

when she is able to overtake seven-: it were a goot motion, if we leave nd prabbles, and desire a marriage ter Abraham, and mistress Anne

er grandsire leave her seven hundred

I her father is make her a petter penny.
v the young gentlewoman; she has

hundred pounds, and possibilities, is

let us see honest master Page : is

I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, e one that is false; or, as I despise true. The knight, sir John, is there; 1 you, be ruled by your well-wilters. 1e door [knocks] for master Page. lot pless your house here!

### Enter Page.

's there?

is Got's plessing, and your friend, allow: and here young master Stendventures, shall tell you another tale, v to your likings.

glad to see your worships well: I

r Page, I am glad to see you; much good heart! I wished your venison ill killed:—how doth good mistress love you always with my heart, la;

thank you.

hank you; by yea and no, I do. glad to see you, good master Slen-

oes your fallow greyhound, six? 1

there be more said? he is good, and John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I wou a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a christians oug Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page. Sir, he doth in some sort co Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not rec that so, master Page? he hath wro deed, he hath:—at a word, he hath;— Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolpl Pistol.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'l me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten r my deer, and broke open my lodge. Ful. But not kiss'd your keeper's broke your head; what matter have you against

Sien. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching I rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bar. You Banbury cheese !2

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?3

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca, A slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell,

Eva. Peace, I pray you! Now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is, master Page, fidelicet, master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,-

Pist. He hears with ears.

Era. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this,

He hears with ear? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse? Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again eise,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling

(1) Sharpers. (2) Nothing but paring. (3) The name of an ugly spirit. (4) Few words.

(5) King Edward's shillings, used in the game

I COMDUI CHARIERING OF Word of denial in thy labras here; Word of denial; froth and scum, thou Sien. By these gloves, then 'twee h Nym. Be advised, sir, and pass go I will say, marry trap, with you, if nuthook's humour on me; that is the v Slen. By this hat, then he in the rec for though I cannot remember what I made me drunk, yet I am not altoget Fal. What say you, Scarlet and J

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I sa man had drunk himself out of his fiv Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what

Bard. And being fap,4 sir, was, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd Sien. Ay, you spake in Latin then no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whils but in honest, civil, godly company, if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with thos fear of God, and not with drunken !

# Scene I. OF WINDSOR.

Sten. O heaven! this is mistress.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth
well met: by your leave, good mist

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen Come, we have a hot venison pasty to gentlemen, I hope we shall drink do ness.

[E.ceunt all but Shal. Sler Sien. I had rather than forty shill book of songs and sonnets here:—

#### Enter Simple.

How now, Simple! where have you wait on myself, must I? You have of Riddler about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, die it to Alice Shortcake, upon Allhall fortnignt afore Michaelmas?

Shat. Come, coz; come, coz; w. A word with you, coz: marry, this, w'twere, a kind of tender by sir Hugh here;—do you underst Slea. Ay, sir, you shall find me re so. I whall do that that is reason

be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Sien. So I do, sir.

From Give ear to his motions, may
will description the matter to you, if
city of it.

Sien. Nay, I will do as my cousin I pray you, pardon me; he's a justi is country, simple though I stand I

Eva. But that is not the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

22, and o are pointed on

(1) An intended blum



lips; for divers philosophers nota parcel of the mouth;—therefore, p carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, ( Slen. I hope, sir,-I will do, as one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his speak possitable, if you can carry towards her.

Shal. That you must: will you,

ry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing your request, cousin, in any reasc

Shal. Nay, conceive me, concei what I do, is to pleasure you, co the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at ; if there be no great love in the be ven may decrease it upon better ac we are married, and have more one another: I hope, upon fam more contempt: but if you say, how that I am freely diss

it; be her, and

n.º Let or of m the in

, can love been

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•

POR PRINT

Anne. The dinner is on the table: my fat desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be abse

at the grace. [Exeunt Shal. and Sir H. Eve

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in. Sien. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Sien. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forso Go sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait u my cousin Shallow: [Exit Simple.] A justic peace sometime may be beholden to his friend a man:-I keep but three men and a boy yet, my mother be dead: but what though? yet I like a poor gentleman born."

Anne I may not go in without your wors they will not sit, till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank vo much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Sten. I had rather walk here, I thank you bruised my shin the other day with playing sword and dagger with a master of fence, t veneys! for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat si Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard t talked of.

Sien. I love the sport well; but I shall as quarrel at it, as any man in England:-you afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir. Slen. That's meat and drink to me now

(1) Three set-to's, bouts, or hits. VOL. I. H

have seen Sackerson! loose, twenty tin have taken him by the chain: but, I war the women have so cried and shrick'd at pass'd:—but women, indeed, cannot ab they are very ill-favoured rough things.

# Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, co stay for you.

Sien. I'll eat nothing; I thank you, sir Page. By cock and pye, you shall no sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Sien. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on. Sien. Truly, I will not go first; truly, I not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Sien. I'll rather be unmannerly than some: you do yourself wrong, indeed, is

#### SCENE II.—The same. Enter Sir Hu and Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Dock house, which is the way: and there dv mistress Quickly, which is in the mann nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet:—give her ter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's tance with mistress Anne Page; and the to desire and require her to solicit your

- (1) The name of a bear exhibited ( Garden, in Southwark.
  - (2) Surpassed all expression.

III.

s to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone; make an end of my dinner: there's pippins cheese to come.

LNE III.—A room in the Garter Inn. Enter alstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter.—

Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholrly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some

finv followers. Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: let me see thee froth, and lime: I am at a word; follow.

Exit Host. Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a with-

ered serving-man, a fresh tapster : go; adieu. Bard. It is a life that I have desired: I will

thrive. Exit Bard. Birt. O base Gongarian! wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

m. He was gotten in drink: is not the huj mour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there! the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am so acquit of this tinder box; his thefts were too open: his filching w like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Num. The good humour is, to steal at a minut met.

# (1) For Hungarian.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: steal! foh; a fico! for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at beels.

Pist. Why then let kibes ensue.

Ful. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fig. 1 No quips now, Pistol; indeed I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the ler of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behavior, to be English'd rightly, is, I am Sir John Felstaff's.

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated

her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rele of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.<sup>2</sup>

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, To her, boy, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: homour

me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife: who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious eyliads: sometimes the beam of her vising gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

(1) Fig.

(2) Gold coin.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse to: she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater! to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all! Nym. I will run no base humour; here, take the hamour letter; I will keep the hamour of reputa-

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [to Rob.] bear you these letters tightly;<sup>2</sup>

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.— Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go; Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter,

pack! Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,

French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page. [Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullams holds,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor:
Tester I'll have in pouch,4 when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or stee!?

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

(1) Escheatour, an officer in the Exchequer.

(2) Cleverly. (3) False dice. (4) Sixpence I'll have in pocket.



Page to deal with posson; 1 will poss yellowness,2 for the revolt of mien is that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of mal

second thee; troop on.

SCENE IV .- A room in Dr. Ca Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, and

Quick. What; John Rugby!—I ] to the casement, and see if you can see master Doctor Caius, coming: if he d find any body in the house, here wi abusing of God's patience, and the ki

Rug. 1'll go watch.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posse
Quick. Go; and we'll have a posse
and han honest, willing, kind fellow, as
shall come in house withal; and, I wa
tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: 3 his wors
he is given to prayer; he is something

#### IV. OF WINDSOR.

ck. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall! a man of ids, as any is between this and his head: he ught with a warrener.2

A. How say you?—O, I should remember oes he not hold up his head, as it were? and his gait?

Yes, indeed, does he.

\*. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I

# Re-enter Rugby.

. Out, alas! here comes my master.

k. We shall all be shent: run in here, good man; go into this closet. [Shuts Simple in set.] He will not stay long.—What, John! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go for my master; I doubt, he be not well, a comes not home:—and down, down, a, &c. [Sings.

#### Enter Doctor Caius.

va. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; yo, go and vetch me in my closet un boitier; ho box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak?

k. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad tnot in himself; if he had found the young s would have been horn-mad.

Fe. fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud.

vais à la cour,—la grand affaire.

k. Is it this, sir?

1. Ouy; metts le au mon pocket; depeche,
:--Vere is dat knave Rugby?

leave. (2) The keeper of a warren. colded, reprimended.

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

R.ug. Here, sir.

Cuius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jak Rugby: come, take-a your rapier, and come also my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Cuins. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od'sms!

Qu'ay j'oublié! dere is some simples in my clost, dat I vi!l not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there,

and be mad.

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ı

Caus. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet!— Vilany! larron! [Pulling Simple out.] Rugby, my rapier.

Q rick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closel

dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closel

Quick. I be seech you, be not so flegmatic; better the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from

parson Hugh. Caius. Vell.

Sim Ay, forsooth, to desire her to-

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caias. Peace a your tongue:—Speak-ayour the Sim To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Aune Page, for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la: but I'll ne'er put

my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, balls me some paper:—Tarry you a little-a while.

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had hear the oughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy;—but notwithstanding man. I'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you in

I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself ;-

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one

body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'do' that? you shall find it a great charge : and to be up early, and down late :but notwithstanding (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it;) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that,-I know Anne's mind,-that's neither here nor there.

Canes. You jack'nape: give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make :- you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here :- by gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to Exit Simple. trow at his dog.

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend. Canus. It is no matter-a for dat :-- do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? -by gar. I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarterre to measure our weapon :- by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What,

the good-jer !1

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me ;-by gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door :- Follow my heels, Rugby.

Exeunt Caius and Rugby. Quick. You shall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank beaven.

Fent. [Within.] Who's within there, ho?

(1) The goujere, what the pox! H 2

worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pre

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is honest, and gentle; and one that is yo can tell you that by the way; I praise?

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest I not loose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll b book, she loves you:—Have not you wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale; it is such another Nan:—but, I detest maid as ever broke bread:—We ha talk of that wart;—I shall never laugimaid's company.—But, indeed, she much to allicholly 2 and musing: bu Well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day:

# ACT II.

SCENE I.—Before Page's house, Enter Mistress Page, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scaped love-letters it he holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now subject for them? Let me see:

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though se use reason for his precision, he admits him to merry, so am I; hat hen, there's sympathy; you wantly, you love sack, and so do I; would east Page (at the least, if the love of a soldier is not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love by me.

Thine own true knight, By day or night, Or any kind of light, With all his might, For thee to fight.

John Falstaff.

John Falstaff.

Vorld!—one that is well nigh worn to the age, to show himself a young gallant!

unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish picked (with the devil's name) out of my m, that he dares in this manner assay he hath not been thrice in my compatishing the heaven forgive me!—Why, a bill in the parliament for the puting n. How shall I be revenged on him?

bably Shakspeare wrote Physician.

ing to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was co you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say show you to the contrary: O, mistress P me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, wom Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were no trifling respect, I could come to such hou Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman;

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; honour: what is it?—dispense with trifle is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to be eternal moment, or so, I could be knight Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest!—

Ford!—These knights will hack; an shouldst not alter the article of thy gent Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:—har I might be knight.

#### icene I. OF WINDSOR.

re of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did ou ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name f Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort a this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin rother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a susand of these letters, writ with blank space for ifferent names (sure more,) and these are of the sond edition: he will print them out of doubt: rhe cares not what he puts into the press, when would put us two. I had rather be a giantess id lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you renty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the rr hand, the very words: what doth he think of us? Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me alost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll tertain myself like one that I am not acquainted thal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in e, that I know not myself, he would never have arded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure

keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my tches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a w of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with ine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any vilny against him, that may not sully the chariness! our honesty. O, that my husband saw this let-

! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and
y good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I
from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an

measurable distance.

#### (1) Caution.



Ford. Well, I nope, it be not Pist. Hope is a curtail dog i Sir John affects thy wife. Ford. Why, sir, my wife is n Pist. He woos both high : and poor, Both young and old, one with a He loves thy gally-mawfry; 2 F Ford. Love my wife? Pist. With liver burning hot: Like sir Actson he, with Ring. O, odious is the name! Ford. What name, sir? Pist. The horn, I say: fare Take heed, ere summer comes, sing. Away, sir corporal Nym.-Believe it, Page; he speaks ser Ford. I will be patient; I w

Ford. I will be patient; I w
Nym. And this is true. [ N
the humour of lying. He hath
humours; I should have borne
ter to her: but I have a swor

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting gue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though e priest o' the town commended him for a true

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?-Hark 30.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art ou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.-

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in y head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. - You'll come to mer, George?—Look, who comes yonder: she be our messenger to this paltry knight. Aside to Mrs. Ford.

# Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter lane?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does ood mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an our's talk with you.

[Exe. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quick. Page. How now, master Ford? Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did

Of mot? Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

#### (1) A lying sharper.



Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for

he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he she this voyage towards my wife, I woul loose to him; and what he gets more sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; 'be loth to turn them together: A man confident: I would have nothing lie on

cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host ter comes: there is either liquor in money in his purse, when he looks: How now, mine host?

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt cavalero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. and twenty, good master Page! Mast

#### Scene I. OF WINDSOR.

185

contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my

guest-cavalier?

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Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go on, bests?

'Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good

Shel. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, succades, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you that tall! fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?
Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them
told than fight.

Execut Host, Shallow, and Page.

Flow!. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands to smaly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off the population of the property of the pr

SCENE II.—A Room in the Garter Inn. Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fol. I will not lend thee a penny.

(1) Stout, bold.

(2) Did.



ed through the grate like a geminy am damned in hell, for swearing to friends, you were good soldiers, an and when mistress Bridget lost the fan, I took't upon my honour, thou Pist. Didst thou not share? hat

teen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Pil endanger my soul gratis? At a more about me, I am no gibbet for short! nife and a throng: 3—to your hatch, 4 go.—You'll not bear a let rogue!—you stand upon your honou uncontinable baseness, it is as muck keep the terms of my honour preciself sometimes, leaving the fear of left hand, and hiding mine honour i am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to you, rogue, will ensconces your remountain looks, your red-lattice pl bold-beating oaths, under the sl

Fal. Let her approach.

# Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the rst hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me? Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word r two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll youch-

afe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir ;- I pray, one a little nearer this ways:- I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on : Mistress Ford, you say,-Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your

worship, come a little nearer this ways. Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears ;-mine own

people, mine own people. Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and

make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford; -what of her? Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lad! your worship's a wanton . Well, heaven for-

twe you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford—come, mistress Ford. Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of 1; you have brought her into such a canaries, as is wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when be court lay at Windsor, could never have brought er to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, ad lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I arrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, if after gift; smelling so sweetly (all musk,) and o rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and

(1) A mistake of Mrs. Quickly's for quandary.



honesty:—and, I warrant, you, her so much as sip on a cup w them all: and yet there has b is more, pensioners; but, I w with her.

Fal. But what says she to make Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath ret the which she thanks you a she gives you to notify, that absence from his house between

Fal. Ten and eleven?
Quick. Ay, forsooth; and
and see the picture, she say:
master Ford, her husband,
Alas! the sweet woman lea
he's a very jealousy man; s
pold? life with him, good he
Fall. Ten and eleven? W

her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say we messenger to your worshi her hearty commendations:

of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for t!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how

they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves! her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

TREE BREEF

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case have a nay-word,? that you may know one snother's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare these well: commend me word.

Fal. Fare these well: commend me to them
both: there's my purse: I am yet thy debtor.—

Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[Execut Quickly and Robin.

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:— Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights; Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them

all! [Exit Pistol. Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; Pil make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer?

<sup>(1)</sup> By all means.

would fain speak with you, an you; and hath sent your worship a draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.
Fal. Call him in; [Exit Bardolp! Brooks are welcome to me, that o'e liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and Page, have I encompassed you? go to;

# Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disg

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you spea Ford. I make bold, to press with so paration upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; What's your us leave, drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire mc ance of you. Tala Tone for VI

Fal. Sir. I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook: I shall be glad

to be your servant. Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you; -----and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith! you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her bushand's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to met her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could at niggardly give me sight of her: not only bought many presents to give her, but have given regaly to many, to know what she would have from: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath Pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I we received none: unless experience be a jewel: Lat I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that taught me to say this:

Lone like a shadow flies, when substance love purswee :

Parsing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

(1) Since.

(2) Reward.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfation at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a page

se : Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Sone say, that, though she appear hones to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth he mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed? for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O. sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time is exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of woods, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehement of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells we securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is

<sup>(1)</sup> In the greatest companies. (2) Approved.

# Scene II. OF WINDSOR.

too bright to be looked against. No to her with any detection in my h had instance and argument to comm I could drive her then from the war her reputation, her marriage-vow, other her defences, which now a embattled against me; What sa John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first your money; next, give me your l as I am a gentleman, you shall, if Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you sh Ford. Want no money, sir John none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, me shall want none. I shall be with you,) by her own appointment; eve in to me, her assistant, or go-betweene: I say, I shall be with her beleven; for at that time the jealous ber husband, will be forth. Connight; you shall know how I speed

Ford. I am blest in your acquai

Fal. Hang him poor cuckoldly him not:—yet I wrong him, to call any, the jealous wittolly knave money; for the which his wife se around. I will use her as the key. The we's coffer; and there's my har Fird. I would you knew For

night avoid him, if you saw him.
Ful. Hang him, mechanical salt
will stare him out of his wits; I wi
my radgel: it shall hang like a
cuckold's horns: master Brook, U



Ford. What a damned Lpi -My heart is ready to crack Who says, this is improvident hath sent to him, the hour i made. Would any man hav the hell of having a false we be abused, my coffers ransa gnawn at; and I shall not o nous wrong, but stand under t nable terms, and by him that Terms! names! ---- Amaimo cifer, well; Barbason, well; additions, the names of fiends tol2 cuckold! the devil hims name. Page is an ass, a sec his wife, he will not be je trust a Fleming with my but Welshman with my cheese, aquavitæ<sup>3</sup> bottle, or a thief gelding, than my wife with h then she ruminates, then sh they think in their hearts the

#### cae III. OF WINDSOR.

# CENE III.—Windsor Park. Enter Caius and Rugby.

Zaius. Jack Rugby!
Rug. Sir.
Zaius. Vat is de clock, Jack?
Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh procd to meet.
Zaius. Sugar, he has save his soul, dat he is no se; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no se; by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if be come.
Rug. He is wise, sir: he knew, your worship uld kill him, if he came.
Zaius. Sy gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you v I vill kill him.

Tug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Zuius. Villain-a, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.
Whal. 'Save you, master doctor Caius.
'age. Now, good master doctor!
Hest. Give you good-morrow, sir.
Laius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come?

Most. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, distance, thy montant? Is he dead, my Ethian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! sat says my Esculapius? my Galen? my heart slder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead? Zuius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of vorld; he is not show his face.

(1) Fence.

(2) Terms in fencing.



stay six or seven, two,

Shal. He is the wiser man, master a curer of souls, and you a curer of l no come. should fight, you go against the hair

fessions: is it not true, master Page Page. Master Shallow, you have a great fighter, though now a man Shal. Bodykins, master Page, 1

old, and of the peace, if I see a finger itches to make one : though and doctors, and churchmen, n have some salt of our youth in us

of women, master Page.
Page. 'Tis true, master Shall Shal. It will be found so, mas doctor Caius, I am come to fetc sworn of the peace; you have wise physician, and sir Hugh ! a wise and patient churchman

me, master doctor. Host. Pardon, guest justice ...water.2 .\_\_ 1 vat i

#### OF WINDSOR.

. I will provoke him to't, or let him

tank you for dat.

moreover, bully,—But first, master rage, and eke cavalero Slender, h the town to Frogmore.

[Aside to them.

Hugh is there, is he?

s there: see what humour he is in;
ag the doctor about by the fields: will

will do it.

and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor. Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender. gar, me vill kill de priest; for he change to Anne Page.

ck-an-ape to Anne Page.

him die: but, first, sheath thy impacold water on thy choler: go about me through Frogmore: I will bring rs. Anne Page is, at a farm-house a thou shalt woo her: Cry'd game, said

rar, me tank you for dat; by gar, I I shall procure a you de good guest, night, de lords, de gentlemen, my

the which, I will be thy adversary to'age; said I well?

gar, 'tis good; vell said.

is wag then.

is wag then. ie at my heels, Jack Rugby.

Exercit.

# ACT III.

A field near Frogmore. Enter Hugh Evans and Simple. you now, good master Stender's rving-man, and friend Simple by your name, hich way have you looked for master Caius, that alls himself Doctor of Physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the city-ward, the park-ward, ery way; old Windsor way, and every way but town way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also sok that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Eva. 'Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and to applying of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have covered me:—how melancholies I am !—I will nog his urinals about his knave's costard.! when I ave good opportunities for the 'ork:—'pless my oul!

To shallow rivers, to whose falls Melodious birds sing madrigals; There will we make our peds of roses, And a thousand fragrant posies.

To shallow——

Icrev on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Metodious birds sing madrigals;—
If hen at I sat in Pahylon,?
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallon——

Sim. Youder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh-Era. He's welcome:——

To shallow rivers, to whose falls-

Icaven prosper the right !-- What we apons is he?

Sim. No weapons sir: There comes my master, naster Shallow, and another gentleman from From From over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else kein your aims.

(1) Head.

<sup>(2)</sup> Babylon, the first line of the 137th Pal

.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good morrow, good ir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh!

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you! Shal. What! the sword and the world! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and

hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and

learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor

Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! had as lief you would tell me of a mess of por ridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight

with him.

Sien. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons:—Ker them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.



them keep their limbs whole, and nack o Carus. I pray you, let-a me speak your car: Verefore vill you not meet-a

Eva. Pray you, use your patience : It

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, d John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughi other men's humours; I desire you in and I will one way or other make you I will knog your urinals about yo cogscomb, for missing your meetings a ments.

Caius. Diable !- Jack Rugby,-mi Jarterre, have I not stay for him, to kill I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, not this is the place appointed; I'll be ju mine host of the Garter.

Hast. Peace, I say, Guallia and G and Welsh; soul-curer and body-cure Caires. Ay, dat is very good! excell Shal. Trust me, a mad host: Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Exeunt Shal. Slen. Page, and Host. Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-

a de sotl of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vloutingstog 2—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the bost of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you, follow.

[Execut.

SCENE II.—The Street in Windsor. Enter Mrs. Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a sader: Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like

a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

## Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: Is she

at bome?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

(1) Fool.

(2) Flouting-stock.



Ford. Wise. I cannot w. name is my husband had call your knight's name, si Rob. Sir John Falstaff. Ford. Sir John Falstaf Mrs. Page. He, he: I There is such a league and he -Is your wife a Ford. Indeed, she is. Mrs. Page. By your I see her. Has Page and hath he any thinking? no use of them. Why twenty miles, as easy blank twelve score. clination; he gives | tage: and now she's boy with her. An in the wind !- and plots!—they are

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good theer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me. Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must 1, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good-will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me;

my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he trites verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April ad May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in is buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The theman is of no having ? he kept company with wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a ret, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a in his fortunes with the finger of my subsectif he take her, let him take her simply; realth I have waits on my consent, and my nt goes not that way.

rd. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you wave sport; I will show you a monster. doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master

-and you, sir Hugh.

Well, fare you well:—we shall have the soing at master Page's.

[Exeunt Shallow and Slender.



you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this n

SCENE III.—A room in Ford's Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Pa

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: basket-

Mrs. Ford. I warrant :--what,

Enter Servants with a ba:

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.
Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.
Mrs. Page. Give your men the
must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you and Robert, be ready here hard by house; and when I suddenly call you

œ

ci I

# Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket? what news with you?

Rob. My master, sir John, is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your com-

Pany.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you

been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: my master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, be swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of time shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mrs. Page, remember you your cue.

[Exit Robin.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it,
[Exit Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watry pumpion; we'll teach him to know turdles from jays.

#### Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

(1) A young small hawk.

(2) A puppet thrown at in Lent, like shrove-cock



Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so make an absolute courtier; and the thy foot would give an excellent me in a semi-circled farthingale. I wert, if fortune thy foe were not friend: come, thou canst not hide

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there'

Fal. What made me love the suade thee, there's something extra Cone, I cannot cog, and say, th that, like a many of these lisping that come like women in men's ar like Bucklersbury<sup>2</sup> in simple-time I love thee; none but thee; and Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me

love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say

 by the Counter<sup>3</sup>-gate; which is as the reck of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven kno

iot see me; I will ensconce me

ay you, do so; she's a very tat-[Falstaff hides himself.

listress Page and Robin.

O mistress Ford, what have you shamed, you are overthrown, you

What's the matter, good mistress

O well-a-day, mistress Ford! havman to your husband, to give him

d. What cause of suspicion? re. What cause of suspicion?—Ou

how am I mistook in you! rd. Why, alas! what's the matter? age. Your husband's coming hithe ith all the officers in Windsor, to sear leman, that, he says, is here now in your consent, to take an ill advantag

Ford. Speak louder. -[Aside.] - Tis

Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that ch a man here; but 'tis most certain d's coming, with half Windsor at his ch for such a one. I come before f you know yourself clear, why I ar but if you have a friend here, conve Be not amazed; call all your u; defend your reputation, or bid far

rs. Ford. What shall I do?—There an, my dear friend; and I fear not r (2) Tapestr



any reasonable stature, he may cre throw foul linen upon him, as if it bucking: or, it is whiting-time, as men to Datchet Mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go

shall I do?

### Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't!

I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friendin.

Mrs. Page. What ! sir John Fal

your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but away: let me creep in here; I'll. [He goes into the basket; they foul linen.]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your r your men, mistress Ford:—You diss Mrs. Ford. What, John, Rober Robin; re-enter Servants.] Go be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither you this?

erv. To the laundress, forsooth.

frs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither bear it? you were best meddle with buck-

hing.
brd. Buck? I would I could wash myself of
buck! Buck, buck, buck? ay, buck; I wap1 you, buck; and of the season too, it shall ap1. [Execut Servants with the basket.] Gentle1. I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my
am. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my
mbers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant, we'lt
ennel the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—
now, uncape.

age. Good master Ford, be contented: you mg rourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you ll see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen.

[Exit.

nies. Inius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it

ot jealous in France.

'age. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the isof his search. [Excust Evans, Page, and Caius.

Irs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in ?
Irs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better,

my husband is deceived, or sir John. #rs. Page. What a taking was he in, when r husband asked who? was in the basket! #rs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need vashing; so throwing him into the water will him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I

1) Unbag the fox.

(2) What.



solute chisease will a

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his I into the water; and give him another hop tray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be set

morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hug

Ford. I cannot find him: may be th bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace :-- You use 1 master Ford, de you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better t thoughts 1?

Ford. Amen. Mrs. Page. You do yourself might master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

;—I promised you a dinner:—Come, the park: I pray you, pardon me; er make known to you, why I have ome, wife;—come, mistress Page; I lon me; pray heartily, pardon me. s go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, m. I do invite you to-morrow mornise to breakfast; after, we'll a bird. I have a fine hawk for the bush:

thing.

ere is one, I shall make two in the

here be one or two, I shall make-a de

our teeth: for shame.

y you go, master Page.
y you now, remembrance to-morrow

mave, mine host.
t is good; by gar, vit all my heart.
usy knave; to have his gibes and his

[Exeunt.

e, I cannot get thy father's love; o more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

why, thou must be thyself.

y state being gall'd with my expense, i it only by his wealth: , other bars he lays before me,——

, my wild societies;

thee, but as a property.

thee, but as a property.

heaven so speed me in my time to



That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love: still seek it,
If opportunity and humble suit
Cannot attain it, why then—Hark you.

[They come

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mrs. (Shal. Break their talk, mistress Q kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a holt on but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me:
for that,—but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender w

word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my far
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd fa
Looks handsome in three hundred po

a . 1. And how does good mas

# Some IV. OF WINDSOR.

213

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman. Slea. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, I under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty

Pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for

Stal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. New, master Slender.

Sles. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Size. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty the indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank then; I am not such a sickly creature, I give haven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you

with me?

Sien. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: your father, and my uncle, have motions: if it be my luck, so: if not happy he his dole? They can tell you how things go, butter than I can: you may ask your father; here comes.

# Enter Page, and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, master Slender :- Love him, daughter Anne.-

by, how now! what does master Fenton here?
Tou wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Find. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to

my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fint. Sir, will you hear me?

(1) Come poor or rich.

(2) Lat.



Fent. Good mistress Page

daughter
In such a righteous fashion as
Perforce, against all checks, r
I must advance the colours o
And not retire: let me have
Anne. Good mother, do no
fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not:

Quick. That's my master, Anne. Alas, I had rather be And bowl'd to death with tur Mrs. Page. Come, trouble master Fenton.

I will not be your friend, nor My daughter will I question I And as I find her, so am I afi 'Till then, farewell, sir:—She Her father will be angry.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mist

## Scene V. OF WINDSOR.

them all three; for so I have promis as good as my word; but specious Fenton. Well, I must of another err Falstaff from my two mistresses; w I to slack? it!

SCENE V.—A room in the Garte Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,— Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; p [Exit Bard.] Have I lived to be carrilike a barrow of butcher's offal; and anto the Thames? Well; if I be sen Other trick, I'll have my brains ta'en terd, and give them to a dog for a ne The rogues slighted me into the rive remorse<sup>3</sup> as they would have drow blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: : know by my size, that I have a kind sinking; if the bottom were as deep as down. I had been drowned, but that shelvy and shallow; a death that I a water swells a man; and what a 1 have been, when I had been swel have been a mountain of mummy.

# Re-enter Bardolph, with the

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some Thames water; for my belly's as col swallowed anow-balls for pills to co Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

(1) Specially. (2) Neglect.

## Enter Mrs. Q

Quick. By your leave; I your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these cha

pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?
Fal. Simple of itself; I'll i
brewage.—[Exit Bardolph.]

Quick. Marry, sir, I come mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I hav

was thrown into the ford: I ford.

Quick. Alas the day! goo her fault; she does so take or mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to

woman's promise. -

Quick. Well, she lament would yearn your heart to s goes this morning a birding; more to come to her between c carry her word quickly: she I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her her think, what a man is: frailty, and then judge of my

Quick. I will tell her.
Fal. Do so. Between nine
Quick. Eight and nine, sir
Fal. Well, be gone: I wil
Quick. Peace be with you
Fal. I marvel, I hear not
sent me word to stay within:
O, here he comes.

#### Enter Ford.

Bless you, sir!
ow, master Brook; you come to know
passed between me and Ford's wife?
That, indeed, sir John, is my business.
aster Brook, I will not lie to you; I was
se the hour she appointed me.
had how speed you, sir?
ery ill-favouredly, master Brook.
How so, sir? Did she change her deter-

, master Brook; but the peaking cornustand, master Brook, dwelling in a conum of jealousy, comes me in the instant counter, after we had embraced, kissed, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of ly; and at his heels a rabble of his comither provoked and instigated by his disid, forscoth, to search his house for his

What, while you were there?
hile I was there.
And did he search for you, and could not

nu shall hear. As good luck would have n one mistress Page; gives intelligence approach; and, by her invention, and "s distraction, they conveyed me into a

et.
A buck-basket!

the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me I shirts and smocks, sorks, foul stockings, napkins; that, master Brook, there was t compound of villanous smell, that ever patril.

and how long lay you there?

y, you shall hear, master Brook, what I
sed to bring this woman to evil for your
g thus crammed in the basket, a comple



had in their basket: I quaked for. natic knave would have searched i daining he should be a cuckold, Well: on went he for a search, as for foul clothes. But mark the seque I suffered the pangs of three sever an intolerable fright, to be detected rotten bell-wether: next, to be co good bilbo, in the circumference of point, heel to head: and then, to be a strong distillation, with stinking c ted in their own grease: think of iny kidney,-think of that; that a heat as butter; a man of continual thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape s in the height of this bath, when I half stewed in grease, like a Du thrown into the Thames, and cook in that surge, like a horse-shoe; t hissing hot,—think of that, master ]

Ford. In good sadness, 2 sir, I as my sake you have suffered all this is described you'll undertake how.

do I steep? Master 1 0.5.,
Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, masses.
Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, are into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that gides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have borns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad.

[Exit.

### ACT IV

SCENE I.—The Street. Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.



How now, on master Skinster

to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my I

Mrs. Page. hing in the world son profits nothing in the world you, ask him some questions in Eva. Come hither, Willia

Mrs. Page. Come on, sir head; come. head; answer your master, t Eva. William, how many

Will. Two. Quick. Truly, I thought number more; because the Eva. Peace your tattling

liam? Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Poulcats! there

poulcats, sure.

Eva. You are a very you, peace.

Will. A stone.

#### OF WINDSOR.

I pray you, have your remembrance, Accusativo, hing, hang, hog.

. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant

Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is itive case, William?

O-Vocativo, O. Remember, William; focative is, caret.

:. And that's a good root.

'Oman, forbear. Page. Peace.

4'- '

What is your genitive case plural, Wil-

#### Genitive case?

Ay. Genitive,-horum, harum, horum. t. 'Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on

ever name her, child, if she be a whore.

For shame, 'oman. :. You do ill to teach the child such words: ies him to hick and to hack, which they'll nough of themselves; and to call horum:you!

Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no andings for thy cases, and the numbers of lers? Thou art as foolish Christian crea-I would desires.

Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace. Show me now, William, some declensions pronouns.

Forsooth, I have forgot.

It is ki, ka, cod; if you forget your kies, s, and your cods, you must be preeches. ways, and play, go.

Page. He is a better scholar, than I he was.

He is a good sprag2 memory. Farewell, Page.

seched, i. e. flogged. (2) Apt to leave



# 222 MERRY WIVES

Ad IV.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. [Exit Sir Hugh.] Get you home, boy.—Come, we say too long.

### SCENE II.—A room in Ford's house. Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accountement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [Within.] What hoa, gossip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John [Exit Falstaff.

# Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home beside yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly;—speak louder. [Aside Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind so curses all Eve's daughters, of what completion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, peer out, peer out! It has any madness ever yet beheld, seemed but tameness, civility.

(1) Sorrowful. (2) Mad fits.
(3) As children call on a snail to push forth his horns.

d patience, to this his distemper he is in now: glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he s carried out, the last time he searched for him a basket: protests to my husband, he is now re; and hath drawn him and the rest of their npany from their sport, to make another experint of his suspicion: but I am glad the knigh ot here; now he shall see his own foolery. Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page? Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here. Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, he's but a dead man. What a woman are !--Away with him, away with him; better me than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how uld I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basagain?

## Re-enter Falstaff.

'al. No. I'll come no more i' the basket: may xt go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's bros watch the door with pistols, that none should e out; otherwise you might slip away ere he e. But what make you here?

'al. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the

Irs. Ford. There they always use to discharge r birding-pieces: creep into the kiln-hole.

al. Where is it?

frs. Ford. He will seek there on my word. her press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but ath an abstract! for the remembrance of such

Short note of.

places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own senblance, you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extre-

mity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of

Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

Exit Fal.

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would met him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel after-

wa:ds!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently:

## (1) Seriousness

's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

M's. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they all do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest variet! we nnot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act, that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old but true, Still swine eat all the draff.

Exit.

Re-enter Mrs. Ford, with two servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on ur shoulders; your master is hard at door: if he l you set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch.

[Exit.

 Serv. Come, come, take it up.
 Serv. Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight ain.
 Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much d.

uter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, re you any way then to unfool me again?—Set wn the basket, villain:—Somebody call my &:—You, youth in a basket, come out here! O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, lack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the vil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, me forth; behold what honest clothes you send th to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes; Master Ford: you into to go loose any longer; you must be pin-

ited.

Gang. (2) Surpasses, to go beyond bounds.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a med log!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

### Enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah.

[Pulls the clothes out of the hasket.

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your

wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say. Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again! In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's cleath.

Page. Here's no man.

١

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

ige. No, nor no where else, but in your brain. rd. Help to search my house this one time: nd not what I seek, show no colour for my mity, let me for ever be your table-sport: let say of me, As jealous as Ford, that search'd low walnut for his wife's leman.1 Satisfy me more; once more search with me.

rs. Ford. What hoa, mistress Page! come and the old woman down; my husband will

into the chamber.

rd. Old woman! What old woman's that? rs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brent-

rd. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! I not forbid her my house? She comes of ds, does she? We are simple men; we do now what's brought to pass under the profesof fortune-telling. She works by charms, by , by the figure, and such daubery as this is; id our element: we know nothing. - Come , you witch, you hag you; come down, I say. rs. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband ;-good emen, let him not strike the old woman.

Falstaff in women's clothes, led by Mrs. Page.

s. Page. Come, mother Pratt, come, give me hand.

d. I'll prat her: Out of my door, you ! [beats him.] you rag, you baggage, you it, you ronyon !2 out! out! I'll conjure you, Exit Falstaff. rtune-tell you.

s. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you

till'd the poor woman.

s. Ford. Nay, he will do it :- 'Tis a goodly for you.

d. Hang her, witch!

a. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a

(1) Lover. (2) Scab. witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard: I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow: we but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open² again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen. [Er. Page, Ford, Shal. and Eva.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he boat him most pitifully. Mrs. Ford. Nav, by the mass, that he did not:

he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudge! hallowed, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in kesimple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our hu-bands how we

have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means : if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed: and, methinks, there would be w period to the jest, should be not be publicly

hamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then shape it: I would not have things cool. [Execut.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn. Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of

(1) Scent

(2) Cry out

### OF WINDSOR.

V.

ress: the duke himself will be to-morrow a ad they are going to meet him. . .

What duke should that be, comes so? I hear not of him in the court: Let me ith the gentlemen; they speak English?
Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

They shall have my horses; but I'll make y, I'll sauce them: they have had my house it command; I have turned away my othe they must come off; I'll sauce them: Come [Exeunt

E IV.—A Room in Ford's House. Enter Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Sin Evans.

'T's one of the pest discretions of a 'ornar I did look upon.

. And did he send you both these letters a nt?

Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do whathou wilt:

will suspect the sun with cold, see with wantonness: now doth thy honou

stand, that was of late a heretic,

as faith.

'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
as extreme in submission,
lence;

our plot go forward: let our wives e again, to make us public sport, t a meeting with this old fat fellow,

we may take him, and disgrace him for i
. There is no better way than that the
spoke of.

How! to send him word they'll meet hir hark at midnight! fie, fie; he'll never come.

You say he has been thrown in the rive:

and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'orean methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come: methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an eld tale goes, that Hene

tin hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd hors;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes mileh-kine yield blood, and shakes a

chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know.

The superstitious idle-headed eld? Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age, This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth. Page. Why, yet there want not many, that the fear

In deep of aight to walk by this Herne's oak: But what of this?

Mer. Ford. Marry, this is our device; That Fal-stall at that oak shall meet with us, Disquis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head. Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come, And in this shape: When you have brought him thiter.

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son, And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,

(1) Strikes. (2) Old age. (3) Ells, bobgobins.

### ø. OF WINDSOR.

nunds of waxen tapers on their heads, titles in their hands; upon a sudden, taff, she, and I, are newly met, m from forth a saw-pit rush at once me diffused! song; upon their sight, in great amazedness will fly: t them all encircle him about, iry-like, to pinch the unclean knight; t him, why, that hour of fairy revel, so sacred paths he dares to tread, profane.

Ford. And till he tell the truth, supposed fairies pinch him sound,<sup>2</sup> rn him with their tapers.

Page. The truth being known, Il present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit, ck him home to Windsor.

The children must tised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't. I will teach the children their behaviours; ill be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the vith my taber.

That will be excellent. I'll go buy them

Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies, attired in a robe of white.

That silk will I go buy; -- and in that

aster Slender steal my Nan away, [Aside. rry her at Eton.—Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:

I me all his purpose: sure he'll come.

Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties,

king for our fairies.

Vild, discordant. (2) Soundly.



I'll to the coccur; as marry with Nan I And none but he, to marry with Nan I That Siender, though well landed, is: And he, my husband best of all affect The doctor is well money'd, and his f Potent at court; he, none but he, she Though twenty thousand worthier co her.

SCENE V.—A room in the Garter Host and Simple.

Host. What would'st thou have, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his ho his standing-bed, and truckle-bed about with the story of the prodigal, Go, knock and call; he'll speak I

### icene V. OF WINDSOR.

Host. Here's a Bohemian Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descend, bully, let her descend: my chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy? fie!

#### Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise! woman of Brentford?

Fig. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell; What would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to but, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Ful. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled master Stender of his chain, cozened him of it.

Sim. I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir. Fal. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fig. To have her,—or no: Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be so bold to say so, sir?
Fal. Av. sir Tike; who more bold?

(1) Cunning woman, a fortune-teller.



hath taught me more v fore in my life: and I p but was paid for my lea

Enter

Bard. Out, alas, sir!
Host. Where be my

Bard. Run away w
as I came beyond E
behind one of them, i
spurs, and away, like
Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are go lain: do not say, they men.

Enter

Eva. Where is r. Host. What is the

235

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Carus. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jarmany: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat the court is know to come; I tell you for good vill: adieu.

(Exit.

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [Eveunt Host and Bardolph.

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the car of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of may fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at Primero. Well, if my wind were but long cough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

# Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have affered more for their sakes, more, than the villances inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warnant; speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow, and I was like to be apprehended for the

## (1) A game at cards.

### MERRY WIVES

of Brentford; but that my admirable of wit, my counterfeiting the action of n, deliver'd me, the knave constable i the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a sick. Sir, let me speak with you is nber: you shall hear how things go; rant, to your content. Here is a lette somewhat. Good hearts, what ado her ng you together! Sure, one of you do we heaven well, that you are so crossed. Fal. Come up into my chamber.

### CENE VI.—Another Room in the Garl Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; m is heavy, I will give over all. Fint. Yet hear me speak: Assist me

purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pounds in gold, more than vo Host. I will hear you, master Fentr will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acqu With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affe (So far forth as herself might be her cl Even to my wish: I have a letter from Of such contents as you will wonder The mirth whereof so larded with my That neither, singly, can be manifes' Without the show of both :--wherei Hath a great scene; the image of the Sho

I'll show you here at large. H. host:

To-night at Herne's oak, just one,

Must my sweet Nan present

## OF WINDSOR.

rpose why, is here; in which disguise, ther jests are something rank on foot, her hath commanded her to slip with Slender, and with him at Eton iately to marry: she hath consented:

ther, even strong against that match, m for doctor Caius, hath appointed shall likewise shuffle her away, ther sports are tasking of their minds, the deanery, where a priest attends, t marry her: to this her mother's plot emingly obedient, likewise hath promise to the doctor; -- Now, thus it re her means she shall be all in white; that habit, when Slender sees his time : her by the hand, and bid her go, ll go with him :-her mother hath intentter to denote her to the doctor, ev must all be mask'd and vizarded,) uaint2 in green, she shall be loose enrol bbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head en the doctor spics his vantage ripe, h her by the hand, and, on that token, id hath given consent to go with him. . Which means she to deceive? father mother? Both, my good host, to go along with a

Both, my good host, to go along with a se it rests,—that you'll procure the vicas for me at church, 'twixt twelve and on the lawful name of marrying, our hearts united ceremony.

Well, husband your device; I'll to

on the maid, you shall not lack a priest So shall I evermore be bound to thee I'll make a present recompense. [Es

the letter:

(2) Fantastically



Fal. Pry'thee, no more pratting; hold:! This is the third time; I hope, lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they is divinity in odd numbers, either is chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; twhat I can to get you a pair of horns.
Ful. Away, I say; time wears: be head, and mince.

[Exit Mincoln 1]

# Enter Ford.

How now, master Brook? Master Bro ter will be known to-night, or never. the Park about midnight, at Herne's ( shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeste

you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook like a poor old man: but I came from Brook, like a poor old woman. Tha Ford her husband, hath the finest 1

#### cene II. III. OF WINDSOR.

ight I will be revenged, and I will deliver his rife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in and, master Brook! follow.

[Execunt.]

iCENE II.—Windsor Park. Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castlelitch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Rememser, son Slender, my daughter.

Sien. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, mum; she cries, budget; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needs either your mum, or her budget? the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.

[Exeunt,

## SCENE III.—The Street in Windsor. Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in freen: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch a quickly: Go before into the park; we two must to tagether.

Casus. I know vat I have to do; Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [Exit Caius.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

# (1) Watch-word.



mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray ! Mrs. Page. Against such

lechery,
Those that betray them do no
Mrs. Ford. The hour draw
to the oak.

SCENE IV.—Windsor Pa Evans, and Fi

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; co your parts: be pold, I pray the pit; and when I give the pid you: Come, come; trib,

SCENE V.—Another part of Falstaff disguised, with a

Fal. The Windsor bell hath minute draws on: Now, the home !—Remember Java Abarra

I rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to p tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my demale deer?

al. My doe with the black scut?—Let the report of the series, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringo there come a tempest of provocation, I value me here.

[Embracing has Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with restheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunrill keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for owl of this walk, and my horns I bequeath ysends. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I I me the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child science; he makes restitution. As I am a t rit, welcome! Noise? Noise?

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?
Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?
Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Page. Away, away. [They run. Mrs. Page. I think, the devil will not have me damn the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; all never else cross me thus.

ter Sir Hugh Evans, like a satyr; Mrs. Quic and Pistol; Anne Page, as the Fairy Queens, lended by her brother and others, dressed. fairies, with wax.s. tapers on their heads.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and whin moon-thine revellers, and shades of nights orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,

(1) Keeper of the forest.

VOL. I.



Cricket, to Windsor chunch Where fires thou find st unrak

swept, There pinch the maids as blue Our radiant queen bates sluts Fal. They are fairies; he, shall die.

I'll wink and couch : No mar Eva. Where's Pede ?\_\_\_

find a maid, That, ere she sleep, has th Raise up the organs of her

Sleep she as sound as car But those as sleep, and th Pinch them, arms, legs, and shins.

Quick. About, about Search Windsor castle, Strew good luck, ouphe That it may stand till ! In state as wholesome,

#### OF WINDSOR.

phire, pearl, and rich embroidery. below fair knighthood's bending knee use flowers for their charactery. disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock, ce of custom, round about the oak ie the hunter, let us not forget. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourse in order set: nty glow-worms shall our lanterns be our measure round about the tree. : I smell a man of middle earth. Ieavens defend me from that Welch fa ansform me to a piece of cheese! Vile worm, thou wast o'er-look'd eve thy birth. . With trial-fire touch me his finger e chaste, the flame will back descend, him to no pain; but if he start,

A trial, come.

Come, will this wood take f

[They burn him with their tap

th, oh, oh!

Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desi n, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme: ou trip, still pinch him to your time. is right; indeed he is full of lecheries:

#### SONG.

lesh of a corrupted heart.

m sinful fantasy!
on lust and luxury!
! is but a bloody fire,
lled with unchaste desire,
in heart: whose flames aspire,
houghts do blow them, higher and high
h him. fairies, mutually;
h him for his villany;

# (1) The letters.

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Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him above, Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine, be out.

During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff. Declor Caius comes one way, and steals away a fair in green; Slender another way, and takes of s fairy in white; and Fenton comes, and stell away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, and Mrs. Ford.
They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now;

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your tun?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher:—

Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wires! See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes! Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; her are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money which must be paid to master Brook; his horse are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for m love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made a

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs at extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three of four times in the thought, they were not fairies

(1) Horns which Falstaff bad.

t the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden if my powers, drove the grossness of the: ato a received belief, in despite of the te rhyme and reason, that they were fair ow, how wit may be made a Jack-a-l 'tis upon ill employment!

1. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and le esires, and fairies will not pinse you.

 Well said, fairy Hugh. i. And leave you your jealousies too, I r

d. I will never mistrust my wife again. rt able to woo her in good English.

Have I laid my brain in the sun, and d t it wants matter to prevent so gross c ng as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis t : choaked with a piece of toasted cheese Seese is not good to give putter; y s all putter.

Seese and putter! Have I lived to stanunt of one that makes fritters of Engli s enough to be the decay of lust and la ig, through the realm.

s. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, tho suld have thrust virtue out of our hearts ad and shoulders, and have given ourse it scruple to hell, that ever the devil co nade vou our delight?

d. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of fl . Page. A puffed man?

e. Old, cold, withered, and of intolers

d. And one that is as slanderous as Sat re. And as poor as Job?

d. And as wicked as his wife?

z. And given to fornications, and to tave ick, and wine, and metheglins, and to dr

(1) A fool's can of Welch materials.

the Welch o'er me : use me as you will. Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to one master Brook, that you have money, to whom you should have bee over and above that you have suffere repay that money will be a biting affli Mrs. Ford Nay, husband, let that amends: Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's last. Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: the posset to-night at my house; where thee to laugh at my wife, that now la Tell her, master Slender hath married

be my daughter, she is, by this, doct

Enter Slender.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: !

Slon. Whoo, ho! ho! father Pai

n I took a boy for a girl: If I had been marto him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I d not have had him.

'age. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I you, how you should know my daughter by her nents?

en. I went to her in white, and cry'd mum, she cry'd budget, as Anne and I had appointed; yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy. on. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see marry poys?

age. 0, I am vexed at heart: What shall I do? frs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I v of your purpose; turned my daughter into n; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at leanery, and there married.

#### Enter Caius.

nus. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am ned; I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un paiby gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I conned.

Irs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?
iius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll
all Windsor. [Exit Caius.
ord. This is strange: Who hath got the right
ord.

nge. My heart misgives me: Here comes mas-'enton.

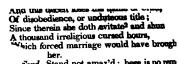
# Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

now, master Fenton?

nne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

ige. Now, mistress? how chance you went vith master Slender?

rs. Page. Why went you not with master doc-



ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no rem In love, the heavens themselves do guide th Money buys lands, and wives are sold by f Fal. I am gle', though you have ta'en a stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath g Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton,

give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd, must be embra
Fal When night-dogs run, all sorts of chas'd.

Ava. I will dance and eat plumbs at yo ding.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no fu Master Fenton, Heaven give you many, many merry days Good husband, let us every one go home,

Of this play there is a tradition preserved by Mr. Rowe, that it was written at the command of Queen Elizabeth, who was so delighted with the character of Falstaff, that she wished it to be diffused through more plays; but suspecting that it might pall by continued uniformity, directed the poet to diversify his manner, by showing him in love. No task is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakspeare knew what the queen, if the story be true, seems not to have known, that by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falstaff must have suffered so much abatement, that little of his former cast would have remained. Falstaff could not love, but by ceasing to be Falstaff. He could only counterfeit love, and his professions could be prompted, not by the hope of pleasure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet having perhaps in the former plays completed his own idea, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former power of entertainment.

This comody is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated, than perhaps can be found in any other play.

Whether Shakspeare was the first that produced upon the English stage the effect of language distorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide. This mode of forming ridiculous characters can confer praise only on him who originally discovered it, for it requires not much of either wit or judgment; its soccess must be derived almost wholly from the player, but its power in a skilful mouth, even he that despines it, is unable to resist.

The conduct of this drama is deficient; the action begins and ends often, before the conclusion.



# TWELFTH-NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

# PERSONS REPI

Orsino, duke of Illyria. Sebastian, a young gentlem Antonio, a sea-captain, frien A sea-captain, friend to Viol Valentine, ? gentlemen, attent Cario, Sir Toby Belch, uncle of Oliv. Sir Andrew Ague-cheek. Malvolio, steward to Olivia. Fabian, } servants to Olivia.

Olivia, a rich countess, Viola, in love with the duke. Maria, Olivia's woman,

Lords, priests, sailors, officers, other attendant.

# TWELFTH-NIGHT;

OR,

# WHAT YOU WILL.

#### ACT I.

NE I.—An apartment in the Duke's palace. or Duke, Curio, Lords; musicians attending.

#### Duke.

nusic be the food of love, play on, me excess of it; that, surfeiting, appetite may sicken, and so die.strain again ;-it had a dying fall : came o'er my ear like the sweet south. breathes upon a bank of violets. ug, and giving odour.-Enough; no more; ot so sweet now, as it was before. rit of love, how quick and fresh art thou! notwithstanding thy capacity veth as the sea, nought enters there, nat validity1 and pitch soever, ills into abatement and low price, in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy, it alone is high-fantastical.2 r. Will you go hunt, my lord? What, Curio? ke.

Value. (2) Fantastical to the height.

# 1.0

## Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be But from her handmaid do return this an The element itself, till seven years heat, Shall not behold her face at ample view; But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk And water once a day her chamber row With eye-offending brine: all this, to set A brother's dead love, which she would k And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that I To pay this d-bt of love but to a brother How will she love, when the rich golden Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else That live in her! when liver, brain, and These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, (Her sweet perfections,) with one self ki Away before me to sweet beds of flower

#### icene II. WHAT YOU WILL.

erchance, he is not drown'd :--What think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,

When you, and that poor number saved with you,

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself

(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)

To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea; Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back, I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves, So long as I could see.

Fig. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
he like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Av, madam, well; for I was bred and

born, Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?
Cap.
A noble duke, in nature,
is in his name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:

The was a bachelor then.

Cap.

And so is now,

was so very late; for but a month

go I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh

a murmur (as, you know, what great ones do,

be less will prattle of, that he did seek

he love of fair Olivia.

Visc. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count

# TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, Ad

That died some twelvemonth since; then leave her

256

In the protection of his son, her brother, Who shortly also died: for whose dear lore, They say, she hath abjur'd the company And sight of men.

Vio. O, that I served that lady; And might not be delivered to the world, Fill I had made mine own occasion mellow, What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compast Because she will admit no kind of suit, No. not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain And though that nature with a beauteous wall Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits With this thy fair and outward character. I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously, Conceal me what I am; and be my aid For such disguise as, haply, shall become The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke; Thou shalt present me as a cunuch to him, It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing. And speak to him in many sorts of music, That will allow! me very worth his service. What else may hap, to time I will commit; Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute Filb When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not we Fig. I thank thee: lead me on. [Example 1]

SCENE III.—A room in Olivia's house. E ter Sir Toby Belch, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to to the death of her brother thus? I am sure, car an enemy to life.

(1) Approve.

these clothes are good enough to drink in, so be these boots too; an they be not, let

hang themselves in their own straps.

ar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: ard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a h knight, that you brought in one night here, her wooer.

To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

ar. Ay, he?

To. He's as tall! a man as any's in Illyria.

ar. What's that to the purpose?

To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a

ar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these

ts; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the le-gambo, and speaks three or four languages for word without book, and hath all the good of nature.

ar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, es that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller;



### Enter Sir Andrew I

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! Belch?

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew Sir And. Bless you, fair sh Mar. And you too, sir. Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew Sir And. What's that? Sir To. My neice's chambe Sir And. Good mistress Au

acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, si Sir And. Good mistress Mi Sir To. You mistake, knig her, board her, woo her, assai Sir And. By my troth, I wher in this company. Is that the Mar. Fare you well, gentle Sir To. An thou let part so, thou might'st never draw swor Sir And. An you part so,

Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, eep my hand dry. But what's your jest? dry jest, sir.

. Are you full of them?

y, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends:
I let go your hand, I am barren.

Etit Maria.

O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary a

Never in your life, I think; unless many put me down: methinks, some-e no more wit than a Christian, or an an has: but I am a great eater of beef, we, that does harm to my wit.

No question.

. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll to-morrow, sir Toby.

Pourquoy, my dear knight?

. What is pour quoy? do or not do? I id bestowed that time in the tongues, in fencing, dancing, and bear-bailing: it followed the arts!

Then hadst thou had an excellent head

Why, would that have mended my hair? Past question; for thou seest, it will not ure.

. But it becomes me well enough, does't

Excellent; it hangs like flax on a dishope to see a housewife taken thee beers, and spin it off.

Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby: will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four I none of me: the count himself, here nos her.

She'll none o' the count: she'll not ve her degree, neither in estate, years, have heard her swear it. Tut, there's a.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. 260 low of the strangest mind? the world; I masques and revels sometimes altogether Sir To. Art thou good at these bi

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whe be, under the degree of my betters; an knight?

not compare with an old man. Sir To. What is thy excellence in

Ser And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper knight? Sir To. And I can cut the mutton Sir And. And, I think, I have th

simply as strong as any man in Illyri Sir To. Wherefore are these thing fore have these gifts a curtain bes they like to take dust, like mistress! Why dost thou not go to church and come home in a coranto? should be a jig; I would not so

water, but in a sink-a-pace. mean? is it a world to hide virtue by the excellent constitution of formed under the star of a gallian

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and well in a flame-coloured stock.2 some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sid Sir To. No, sir; it is legs ar see thee caper: ha! higher: I

SCENE IV .- A room in Enter Valentine, and Vi Val. If the duke contin

(1) Cinque-pace, (2) Stocking.

kesario, you are like to be much advanced; h known you but three days, and already e no stranger.

You either fear his humour, or my neglithat you call in question the continuance of e: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours? ! No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and attendants.

I thank you. Here comes the count. ke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

i. On your attendance, my lord; here. ke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd ee the book even of my secret soul:

fore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; t deny'd access, stand at her doors, ell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, hou have audience.

9. Sure, my noble lord,
2 be so abandon'd to her sorrow
is spoke, she never will admit me.

\*\*Mr. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
ar than make unprofited return.

\*\*Sau Lde spoke with her my load, what

 Say, I do speak with her, my lord; what then?
 Lee. O, then unfold the passion of my love,

rise her with discourse of my dear faith:

all become thee well to act my woes;
will attend it better in thy youth,
in a nuncio of more grave aspect.
o. I think not so, my lord.
After.
Dear lad, believe it;
hey shall yet belie thy happy years
say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
t more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
all is semblative a woman's part.

(1) Go thy way.

For this aftair:

All, if you will; for I mysen...

When least in company:—Prosper well in .

And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,

To call his fortunes thine.

Vio.

I'll do my best,

To woo your lady: yet [Aside.] a barful! 1

Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

# SCENE V.—A room in Olivia's house. Maria and Clown.

[8

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou has or I will not open my lips so wide as a brist enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady wil thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten? answer: I can that saying was born, of, I fear n

Mar. That, if one break,! the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

#### Enter Olivia and Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalas? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.——God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the

Oti. Go to, you are a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, 2 that drink and good comes will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest mend bimself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: any thing, that's mended, is but patched: virtue, that transpresses, is but patched with sin; and sin, that mends, is but patched with virtue: if that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what restudy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away.

Oi. Sir, I bade them take away vou.

(1) Points were hooks which fastened the hose or

(2) Italian, mistress, dame.



Oli. Well, sir, for want of other bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn' Oli. Good fool, for my brother's d Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, ma

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, Clo. The more fool you, madonn your brother's soul being in heaven

the fool, gentlemen.
Oli. What think you of this fool, I

he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the shake him: infirmity, that decays ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speed the better increasing your folly! S sworn, that I am no fox; but he wi word for two-pence that you are no

Oli. How say you to that, Malvol Mal. I marvel your ladyship ts such a barren rascal: I saw him

#### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Var. Madam, there is at the gate a young gennan, much desires to speak with you.

Ni. From the count Orsino, is it?

Var. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, I well attended.

Mi. Who of my people hold him in delay? Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Né. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks not but madman: fie on him! [Exit Maria.] Go, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the count, I am c, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. ait Malvolio.] Now you see, sir, how your foolgrows old, and people dislike it.

To. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy est son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cram h brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has nost weak pia mater.<sup>3</sup>

Enter Sir Toby Belch.

Oli. By mine bonour, half drunk.—What is he



Cto. Like a drow man: one draught a the second mads him Oti. Go thou and ait o' my coz; for he's he's drown'd: go, loc Cto. He is but mad shall look to the madr.

# Re-ente

Mal. Madam, yond speak with you. I told his on him to understand so to speak with you: I told seems to have a fore-kn therefore comes to speak said to him, lady? he's fit. Oli. Tell him, he shall. Mal. He has been told stand at your door like a support of the stand at your door like

#### COME F. WHAT YOU WILL.

'ery shrewishly; one would think, his mother's nilk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit

#### Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er mj face; We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

#### Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which sake?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her. You will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the bouse, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penu'd, I have taken great pains to cont. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I an sery comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied and that question's out of my part. Good gentleme, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady at the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the sery fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usury rourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours o reserve. But this is from my commission: I will me with my speech in your praise, and then show tou the heart of my message.

# (1) Accountable.

Oli. Come to what is important in't:
you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study

poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at and allowed your approach, rather to wo than to hear you. If you be not mad, by you have reason, be brief: 'tis not the moon with me, to make one in so skipp logue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies Vio. No, good swabber: I am to hul the longer.—Some mollification for you

sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous muliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearf your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. overture of war, no taxation of homage olive in my hand: my words are as fu as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What would you?

Fig. The rudeness, that hath apper have I learn'd from my entertainment 'and what I would, are as secret as maid your ears, divinity; to any other's, pro

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will divinity. [Exit Maria.] Now; sir, what is

Vio. Most sweet lady.——
Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and mu
said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.
Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of

(1) It appears from several parts of that the original actress of Maria was

## ceme V. WHAT YOU WILL.

Vio. To answer by the method, in t

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy.

o more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your fe Oh. Have you any commission from y egociate with my face? you are now o ext: but we will draw the curtain, and he picture. Look you, sir, such a om his present: i is' not well done? [l Vio. Excellently done, if God did all Oh. Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure

veather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent,2 whose

white lature's own sweet and cunning hand lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, f you will lead these graces to the grav and leave the world no copy.

Oh: O, sir, I will not be so hard-hear rive out divers schedules of my beauty: aventoried; and every particle, and velled to my will: as, item, two lips indiftem, two grey eyes, with lids to them; eck, one chin, and so forth. Were ither to 'praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are:
If you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; O, such
Could be but recompens'd, though

crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he Vio. With adorations, with fertile ter With groans that thunder love, with sig Oli. Your lord does know my minute.

love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him v

(1) Presents. (2) Blended, mix

In voices well divulg'd, free, wan , and n And, in dimension, and the shape of nature. A gracious person : but yet I cannot love him He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame With such a suffering, such a deadly life, In your denial I would find no sense, . I would not understand it.

ŀ

Why, what would Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate And call upon my soul within the house; Write loval canton 2 of contemned love, And sing them loud even in the dead of night Holla your name to the reverberate hills, And make the babbling gossip of the air Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest Between the elements of air and earth, But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your pa age?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is w 1 am a contionan.

I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art; Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit, Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast: soft! soft!

Unless the master were the man.—How now? Even so quickly may one catch the plague? Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections, With an invisible and subtle stealth, To croop in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—What, bo, Malvoio!—

#### Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.
Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter, with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.
Mal. Madam, I will.

[Exit.

Oli. I do I know not what: and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [Exit.

# ACT II.

SCENE I.—The sea-coast. Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Sab. By your patience, no: my stars shine dark-

Proclamation of gentility. (2) Count.

(3) Own, possess.



bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my dete mere extravagancy. But I perc cellent a touch of modesty, that; from me what I am willing to k it charges me in manners the r myself. You must know of me manne is Sebastian, which I calle father was that Sebastian of M know, you have heard of: he myself, and a sister, both born in heavens had been pleased, 'wo ended! but you, sir, altered that before you took me from the break my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was resembled me, was yet of many a ful: but, though I could not, with wonder, overfar befieve that, yet boldly publish her, she bore a mind not but call fair: she is drowned a salt water, though I seem to do

## Scene II. WHAT YOU WILL

mother, that upon the least occasion more, mins eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [Exit.

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court, Else would I very shortly see thee there: But, come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A street. Enter Viola; Malvolio following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have

since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

[Exit.

It his that finds it.

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this

lady?
Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her
tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man;—if it be so (as'tis,)



And I, poor monster, fond as much of And she, mistaken, seems to dote on:
What will become of this! As I am?
My state is desperate for my master?
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia
O time, thou must untangle this, not I
I is too hard a knot for me to untie.

SCENE III.—A room in Olivia's h Sir Toby Belch, and Sir Andrew A

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew: no after midnight, is to be up betimes; surgere, thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I kno know, to be up late, is to be up late. Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate filled can: to be up after midnight, bed then, is early; so that, to go to b

night, is to go to bed betimes. Do

## me III. WHAT YOU WILL

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never : picture of we three?1 Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a ca Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excel ast.2 I had rather than forty shillings I had: eg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the . In sooth, thou wast in very gracious foc t night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queul as very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence keman: 3 hadst it? Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; 4 for Ma s nose is no whipstock: my lady has a w id, and the myrmidons are no bottle-ale hou Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best f , when all is done. Now, a song. Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for y 's have a song. Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if ght give a-Zio. Would you have a love-song, or a son; Sir To. A love-song, a love-song. Sir And. Av. av : I care not for good life.

#### SONG.

. O mistress mine, where are you reaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's comin
That can sing both high and love:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.
iir And. Excellent good, i'faith.
iir To. Good, good.

. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;

1) Loggerheads be. (2) Voice. (3) Mistre 4) I did impetticoat thy gratuity.

Sir And. Good, i'faith

Sir To. A contagi Sir And. Very sw Sir To. To bear b tagion. But shall we deed? Shall we rouse that will draw three so we do that? Sir And. An you lo at a catch. Clo. By'r lady, sir, Well. Sir And. Most certa knave. Clo. Hold thy peace, shall be constrain'd in't t Sir And. 'Tis not the fi one to call me knave. Hold thy peace. Clo. I shall never begin plood? Tilly-valley, lady! There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady! [Singing.

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Av, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December.— Singing.

Mar. For the love of God, peace.

### Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alchouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers'2 catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches.

Saeck up !3

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

Singing.

(1) Equivalent to filly fally, shilly shally. (2) Cobblers. (3) Hang yourself.

## TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, Ad I

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Cla. O no no, no, no, you dare not. Sir To. Out o' time? sir, ye lie.—Art any more

than a steward? Dost thou think, because the art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Cio. Yes. by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be

hot i' the mouth too.

278

Sir To. Trou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain! with crums:—a stoop of wine, Maria!

Mat. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

[Exit.

Mar Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field: and hen to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by we'd of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with plady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me atone with him: if I do not gull him into a may-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us,4 possess us; tell us something of bim.

Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir . and. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

(1) Stewards anciently wore a chain.

(2) Method of life. (3) By-word. (4) Inform

#### kene III. WHAT YOU WILL.

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't ave reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or an instantly but a time-pleaser; an affection at cons state without book, and utters it by rarths: the best persuaded of himself, so ed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that is ound of faith, that all that look on him, low d on that vice in him will my revenge fine a cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscurs of love; wherein, by the colour of his e shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, t essure of his eye, forehead, and complexiall find himself most feelingly personated: rite very like my lady, your niece; on a for atter we can hardly make distinction of our! Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I hav't in my nose too.
Sir To. He shall think, by the letters tha
ilt drop, that they come from my niece, an
we is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse o

Sir And. And your horse now would make

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant vou: I knot yaic will work with him. I will plant you de let the fool make a third, where he shall eletter; observe his construction of it. Fight, to bed, and dream on the event. Fast

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea,3

(1) Affected.

(2) The row of grass left by a mower.

3) Amezon.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench. Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that

adores me; What o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.1

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take ithow you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight.

[Execut.

SCENE IV.—A room in the Duke's palace. Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some music: Now, good morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night; Methought, it did relieve my passion much; More than light airs and recollected terms, Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:— Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke Who was it?

Cur Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. Exit Curio.—Music.

Come hither, boy; If ever thou shall love, In the sweet pangs of it remember me: For, such as I am, all true lovers are; Jastaid and skittish in all motions else, save, in the constant image of the creature Phat is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune? Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:

ly life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
tath stay'd upon some favour! that it loves;
lath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him, io sways she level in her husband's heart, or, boy, however we do praise ourselves, bur fancies are more giddy and unfirm, wore longing, wavering, sooner tost and worn, Than women's are.

Fig. I think it well, my lord. Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself, I thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower, Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
Fig. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio, and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last

night:—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
ad the free maids, that weave their thread with
bones,?

(1) Countenance.

(2) Lece maken

Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth, 1 And dallies with the innocence of love, Like the old age. 2 Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O wreare it.

My part of death no one so true

Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet, On my black coffin let there be strown; Not a friend, not a friend greet My poor corpse, where my bones shall in thrown:

A thousand thousand sighs to save, Lay me, O, where

Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, in.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one
time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable tafata, for thy mind is a very opal<sup>3</sup>—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a god voyage of nothing.—Farewell.

[Exit Clown.]

- (1) Simple truth. (2) Times of simplicity.
- (3) A precious stone of all colours.

### WHAT YOU WILL

Puke. Let all the rest give place.——
[Excunt Curio and atten
Once more, C

thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty: I her, my love, more noble than the workes not quantity of dirty lands; parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon I her, I hold as giddily as fortune; 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems, at nature pranks' her in, attracts my soul io. But, if she cannot love you, sir? Ouke. I cannot be so answer'd.

'no. 'Sooth, but you , that some lady, as, perhaps, there is, th for your love as great a pang of heart you have for Olivia: you cannot love her a tell her so: Must she not then be answe Duke. There is no woman's sides, n 'bide the beating of so strong a passion love doth give my heart : no woman's he big, to hold so much; they lack retention is, their love may be call'd appetite,motion of the liver, but the palate,at suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt; t mine is all as hungry as the sea, d can digest as much: make no compare tween that love a woman can bear me, d that I owe Olivia. Av, but I know,-

Duke. What dost thou know?

faith, they are as true of heart as we.

father had a daughter lov'd a man,
it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
bude your lordship.

And what's her his

Duke. And what's her his 7io. A blank, my lord: She never told he

But let concealment, like a w
Feed on her damask cheek: I
And, with a green and yellow
She sat like patience on a mor
Smiling at grief. Was not th
We men may say more, swea
Our shows are more than will
Much in our vows, but little is
Duke. But died thy sister

Vio. I am all the daughters And all the brothers too;—ar Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay
To her in haste; give her this
My love can give no place, b

SCENE V.—Olivia's Gard. Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-

Sir To. Come thy ways, s Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I sport, let me be boiled to dea

Sir To. Would'st thou not nigrardly rascally sheep-bite ble shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: me out of favour with my lac ing here.

Sir To. To anger him, again; and we will fool him Shall we not, sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it

Enter Mar

Sir To. Here comes the now, my nettle of India. Mar. Get ye all three into volio's coming down this wall

#### WHAT YOU WILL

sun, practising behaviour to his own is half hour: observe him, for the love of for, I know, this letter will make a conidiot of him. Close, in the name of The men hide themselves.] Lie thou ows down a letter for here comes the aust be caught with tickling.

Exit Maria.

### Enter Malvolio.

is but fortune; all is fortune. Maria ne, she did affect me: and I have heard ne thus near, that, should she fancy, it me of my complexion. Besides, she uses more exalted respect, than any one else s her. What should I think on't?

Here's an over-weening rogue! peace! Contemplation makes a rare k of him; how-he jets2 under his advan-

'Slight, I could so beat the rogue :--

Peace, I sav. o be count Malvolio!—

Ah, rogue!

L. Pistol him, pistol him.

Peace, peace!

here is example for't; the lady of the irried the veoman of the wardrobe.

Fie on him, Jezebel!

peace! now he's deeply in; look how n blows him! aving been three months married to her,

av state.4-O, for a stone-bow, to bit him in the eye! alling my officers about me, in my branchgown; having come from a day-bed,5 ft Olivia sleeping.

ve. (2) Struts. (3) Puffs him up. te-chair. (5) Couch.

'orimstone! TWF

. , peace! But let conc ren to have the humour of state She sr place, as I would they should do thei Smi w kinsman Toby:

in O, peace, peace! now, now.

yal. Seven of my people, with an obedi girt, make out for him: I frown the while; a perchance, wind up my watch, or play with so ich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there tor Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us w

cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quench my familiar smile with an austere regard of cont Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow the lips then?

Mal. Saving, Cousin Toby, my fortunes har cust me on your niece, give me this prerogative speech :--

Sir To. What, what?

Val. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fub. Nay, patience, or we break the sinew: our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of y time with a foolish knight;

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One sir Andrew:

Ł

Sir . Ind. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call

Mal. What employment have we here? Taking up the let

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin. Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humour imate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, that is my lady's hand: t "ther very C'a, her U's, and her T's; and !

## WHAT YOU WILL.

her great P's. It is, in contement her hand.

And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's:

Mal. [reads] To the unknown beloved, this my good wishes: her very phrases! By your lear.—Soft!—and the impressure her Luc with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [reads] Jove knows, I love:

But who? Lips do not move.

No man must know.

fo man must know.—What follows? the num tered!—No man must know:—if this show too. Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock !

Mal. I may command, where I adore:

But mience, like a Lucrece knife, With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.—Nay. st, let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed! Sir To. And with what wing the stann secks at it!

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, ay command me; I serve her, she is my liny, this is evident to any formal capacity. The obstruction in this:—And the end,—Would that alphabetical position portend? uld makes that resemble something in me thy! M; O, M; I.—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now:

(1) Beeger. (2) Hawk. (3) Flies at it.



follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I ho Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel!

cry, O.

Mal. And then I comes beh
Fab. Ay, an you had an

might see more detraction at tunes before you.

Mal. M. O, A, I;—This a the former:—and yet, to crush bow to me, for every one of the name. Soft! here follows procthy hand, revolve. In my stabut be not a fraid of greath great, some achieve greatness, these thrust upon them. To hands: let thy blood and si And, to invire thyself to what cast thy humble slough? and a posite with a kineman, surly witning that the stable of the s

### WHAT YOU WILL.

ay-light and champian1 discovers not more: open. I will be proud, I will read politic aut will baffle sir Toby, I will wash off gross aintance, I will be point-de-vice,2 the very lo not now fool myself, to let imagination e: for every reason excites to this, that my res me. She did commend my yellow stocking te, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered this she manifests herself to my love, and, kind of injunction, drives me to these habi r liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. ] strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and c rtered, even with the swiftness of putting we, and my stars be praised !—Here is yet a ript. Thou canst not choose but know who 1 "thou entertainest my love, let it appear in uling; thy smiles become thee well: therefo y presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'y we, I thank thee .- I will smile; I will do e ing that thou wilt have me. Fab. I will not give my part of this sport antion of thousands to be paid from the Soph Sir To. I could marry this wench for thi Sir And. So could I too. Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither. Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher. Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o'my neck? Sir And. Or o' mine either? Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at trayad become thy bond-slave? Sir And. Pfaith, or I either. Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dr

Open country. (2) Utmost exactne (3) A boy's diversion three and tip. VOL. I.

ich another jest.

## 290 TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, Ad III.

that, when the image of it leaves him, he must rea mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him? Sir To. Like aqua-vitse with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered; a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

Exercut.

## ACT III.

SCENE 1.—Olivia's Garden. Enter Viols, and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies! by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril2 glove to a good wit: How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

(1) Dwells.

(2) Kid.

## Scene I. WHAT YOU WILL.

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton; But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Fio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and

carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly; she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry air, but the fool should be as oft with your maste as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdo there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no me with thea. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Cto. Now Jove, in his next commodity of he send there a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am all sick for one; though I would not have it growny chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred.

word is over-worn.

Vio. This fellow's wise enough And, to do that well, craves a kind He must observe their mood on wh The quality of persons, and the tin And, like the haggard,2 check at e-That comes before his eye. This As full of labour as a wise man's a For folly, that he wisely shows, is But wise men, folly-fallen, quite ta

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Sir

cheek.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir. Sir And Dieu vous garde, mons Vio. Et vous aussi : votre servit

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; a Sir To. Will you encounter th niece is desirous you should enter, it to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, si is the list? of my

## WHAT YOU WILL

are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria

cellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain on you!

Ind. That youth's a rare courtier! Rain

My matter bath no voice, lady, but to your st pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

nd. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed :-

Let the garden door be shut, and leave me earing.

Execut Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.

My duty, madam, and most humble service. What is your name?

Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world, wly feigning was call'd compliment: servant to the count Orsino, youth.

And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;

rvant's servant is your servant, madam.
For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!
Wadam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts behalf:—

O, by your leave, I pray you; you never speak again of him: old you undertake another suit, ather hear you to solicit that, ausic from the spheres.

Dear ladv.—

Eive me leave, I beseech you: I did send, he last enchantment you did here, in chase of you: so did I abuse my servant, and, I fear me, you:

(1) Ready.

That tyrannous hea receiving Enough is shown; a Hides my poor hear
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That's a degri That very oft we pity Oli. Why, then, again : O world, how apt the If one should be a pre To fall before the lion, The clock upbraids me Be not afraid, good you And yet, when wit and Your wife is like to reap There lies your way, due Grace, and good dispositiv

## WHAT YOU WILL.

tempt and anger of his lip! ous guilt shows not itself more soon that would seem hid: love's night i y the roses of the spring, ood, honour, truth, and every thing so, that, maugrei all thy pride, or reason, can my passion hide. tort thy reasons from this clause. I woo, thou therefore hast no caus r, reason thus with reason fetter: ht is good, but given unsought, is y innocence I swear, and by my y heart, one bosom, and one truth, 10 woman has; nor never none ress be of it, save I alone. ieu, good madam; never more master's tears to you deplore. t come again: for thou, perhaps, t, which now abhors, to like his lo

II.—A Room in Olivia's house.

y Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheel

i. No, faith, Pll not stay a jot lon Thy reason, dear venom, give th

ou must need yield your reason, s

I. Marry, I saw your niece do me he count's serving-man, than evupon me; I saw't i' the orchard. Did she see thee the while, old

L. As plain as I see you now. his was a great argument of love ou.

(1) In spite of.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' r Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon eaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab She did show favour to the youth in sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your mouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and is stone in your liver: You should then have accher; and with some excellent jest, fire-new the mint, you should have banged the youth dumbness. This was looked for at your hand this was baulked: the double gilt of this o tunity you let time wash off, and you are now into the north of my lady's opinion; where yo hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, I you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief

Brownist, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes the basis of valour. Challenge me the c youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven p my nicce shall take note of it: and assure there is no love-broker in the world can mor vail in man's commendation with woman, th port of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrev Sic And. Will either of you bear me at

lenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand curst? and brief: it is no matter how witty, seloquent, and full of invention: taunt him the license of hik: if thou thou'st him some! it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as we in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet we

(1) Separatists in queen Elizabeth's reign. (2) Crabbed

Este ou Allurew.

sb. This is a dear manikin to you, sir Toby. r To. I have been dear to him, lad; some thousand strong or so.

1b. We shall have a rare letter from him : but

r To. Never trust me then; and by all means in the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and ropes cannot hale them together. For Ani, if he were opened, and you find so much in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll he rest of the anatomy.

b. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his e no great presage of cruelty.

#### Enter Maria.

To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine

ar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh elves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malis turned heathen, a very renegado; for there Christian, that means to be saved by believing Seb. I would not, by my will, h
But, since you make your pleasu
I will no further chide you.
Ant. I could not stay behind

More sharp than filed steel, did: And not all love to see you (thou As might have drawn one to a k But jealousy what might befall y Being skilless in these parts; wh Unguided, and unfriended, ofter Rough and unhospitable: my w The rather by these arguments

Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My k

Can no other answer make, b

And thanks, and ever thanks: (

Are shuffled off with such uncu

But, were my worth, as is my c

You should find better dealing!

Shall we go see the reliques of

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best

## Scene IV. WHAT YOU WILL.

That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people. And. The offence is not of such a bloody nature; Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel, Might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying What we took from them; which, for traffic sake, Most of our city did: only myself stood out: For which, if I be lapsed! in this place, I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse;

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant, Is best to lodge: I will be speak our diet,

Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,

With viewing of the town; there shall you have me. Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'il be your purse-bearer, and leave you for An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.-

Seb.

I do remember.

[Execut.

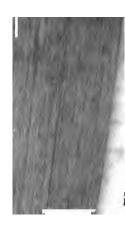
# SCENE IV.—Olivia's Garden. Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: He says, he'll come; How shall I feast him? what bestow on him? For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil.2

(1) Caught. (2) Grave and despute.



Were hest have
For, sure, the mi
Oli. Go call hi
If sad and merry
How now, Malvoli
Mal. Sweet lady
Oli. Smil'st thou
Oli. Smil'st thou
Oli. Small sady
Jent for the supply
ome obstruction in

Oii. Smeet lady
Oii. Smeet lady
Oii. Smil'st thou
I sent for thee upon
Mal. Sad, lady?
some obstruction in
but what of that, if
with me as the very
pleare all.
Oii. Why, how dos
ter with thee?
Mal. Not black in 1
my less: It did come:
shall be executed. I the
Roman hand.

## Scene IV. WHAT YOU WILL.

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness:-

Oli. What meanest thou by that, I Mal. Some are born great,—

Oli. Ha? Mal. Some achieve greatness,—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. And some have greatness thru

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. Remember who commended slockings;—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wished to see thee cross-

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. Go to: thou art made, if the so;

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a serve Oli. Why, this is very midsummer

## Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentlemal Orsino's is returned; I could hardl back: he attends your ladyship's ple Oli. I'll come to him. [Exit Ser Maria, let this fellow be looked to. cousin Toby? Let some of my peop cial care of him; I would not have

for the half of my dowry. [Exe. Oli Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near worse man than sir Toby to look to m curs directly with the letter: she sent pose, that I may appear stubborn to incites me to that in the letter. Ca slough, says she; be opposite with a k with servants,—let thy tongue tan ments of state,—put thyself into the gularity;—and, consequently, se

## (1) Hot weather madnes



manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now. Let this fellow be looked to: Fellow? not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dame of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no scruple of of scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jore, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby Belch, and Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctiy? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fah. Here he is, here he is :- How is't with you,

sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my

private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

.Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to: peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malcolio? how is't with you? What, man! def the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not be wisched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mary, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

(1) Caught her as a bird with birdlime.

(2) Companion.

## ne IV. WHAT YOU WILL.

Mal. How now, mistress? Mar. O lord!

Fir To. Pr'vthee, hold thy peace; th y: Do you not see, you move him? ! h him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gent fiend is rough, and will not be roug Sir To. Why, how now, my bawc st thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Av. Biddy, come with me. V not for gravity to play at cherry-pit21 ing him, foul collier !3

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; god t him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No. I warrant you, he will I dliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! yo illow things: I am not of your ele ill know more bereafter.

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a st ild condemn it as an improbable fict Sir To. His very genius hath taken t the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest

te air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad.

Mar. The house will be the quieter Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a d bound. My niece is already in the is mad; we may carry it thus for or d his penance, till our very pastime, eath, prompt us to have mercy on him ne, we will bring the device to th

(1) Jolly cock, bean and coq.

(2) A play among boys.

3) Colliers were accounted great c'

304 TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, Ad III.

rown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Ento Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Fab. More matter for a May morning. Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. 1s't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is it, I warrant him: do but read. Sir To. Give me. [reads.] Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fillow.

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show the no reason for't.

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fub. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. I will toay-lay thee going home; where
if it he thu chance to kill me.—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain. Fub. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good

Sir To. Fare thee well: And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine: but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy.

Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. If this letter moves him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawes, swear horrible; for it comes to pease oft, that a ter-

305

## IV. WHAT YOU WILL

cath, with a swaggering accent sharply ged off, gives manhood more approbation ever proof itself would have earned him.

And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Ex. To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the aviour of the young gentleman gives him out be of good capacity and breeding; his employant between his lord and my niece confirms no s; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will ad it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deriver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it.) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

## Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some

horrid message for a challenge.

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria. Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone, And laid mine honour too unchary! out: There's something in me, that reproves my fault; But such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion

bears, Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my pic-

Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:

(1) Uncautiously.

And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow. What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny; That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him! Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you
Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare t
well;

A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [i

Re-enter Sir Toby Belch, and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, ful despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at orchard end: dismount thy tuck, I be yare? in preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, deadly.

Fig. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man lany quarrel to me; my remembrance is very and clear from any image of offence done to man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure therefore, if you hold your life at any price, be you to your guard: for your opposite hath in what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can fur man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhar rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hat divorced three; and his incensement at this ment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be

1) Rapter. (2) Ready.

5. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself ery competent injury; therefore, get you give him his desire. Back you shall not to e, unless you undertake that with me, ith as much safety you might answer him; on, or strip your sword stark naked; le you must, that's certain, or forswear to about you.

This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech ne this courteous office, as to know of the hat my offence to him is; it is something agligence, nothing of my purpose.

2. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you entleman till my return. [Exit Sir Toby. ?ray you, sir, do you know of this matter? I know, the knight is incensed against you, 1 mortal arbitrement; 2 but nothing of the ance more.

besech you, what manner of man is he? Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read its form, as you are like to find him in the



he has been fencer to t Sir And. Pox on't, I Sir To. Ay, but he Fabian can scarce hold

Sir And. Plague on' valiant, and so cunning dammed ere I'd have of the matter slip, and I'll Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the a good show on't; this dition of souls: marry, as I ride you.

Re-enter Fa

I have his horse [to Fall have persuaded him,

Fab. He is as horrib pants, and looks pale, heels.

Sir To. There's no 1

## me IV. WHAT YOU WILL.

Tab. Give ground, if you see him furious. Fir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy; gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one it with you: he cannot by the duello' avoid it; he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and addier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't. Fir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! [Draus.

#### Enter Antonio.

Pio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gen-

tleman
we done offence, I take the fault on me;
you offend him, I for him defy you. [Drawing.

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more,

an you have heard him brag to you he will. Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for a. [Draws.

#### Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the icers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [To Antonio. Vio. Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please.

[To Sir Andrew. Sir And. Marry, will I, sir?—and, for that I mised you, I'll be as good as my word: He

I bear you easily, and reins well.

I Off. This is the man; do thy office.

? Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir. I Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well, ough now you have no sea-cap on your head.—ke him away; be knows, I know him well.

## (1) Laws of duel.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seek But there's no remedy; I shall answer it. What will you do? Now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse: It gr. Much more, for what I cannot do for you, Than what befalls myself. You stand an But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

.Int. I must entreat of you some of that Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me And, part, being p compted by your present Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something: my having is not I'll make division of my present with you Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant.

Will you deny r
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my m
Lest that it make me so unsound a man.

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses. That I have done for you.

I io. I know of non Nor know I you by voice, or any feature: I hate ingratitude more in a man,

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenne Or any taint of vice, whose strong corrupt Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens them 2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This you you see here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of deal Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,— And to his image, which, methought, did pr Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? The time go

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd! by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exc. Officers, with Antonio. Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion

fly,

That he believes himself; so do not I.

Prove true, imagination, O prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most age saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know Yet living in my glass; even such and so, In favour was my brother; and he went Still in this fashion, colour, ornament, For him I imitate: O, if it prove,

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

Sir Tb. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Flib. A coward, a most devout coward, reli-

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him. Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

sword. in And An Idonot

Sir And. An I do not,— [Exit. Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Ser To. I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet.

(1) Ornamented.

(2) In the reflection of my own figure.



## ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—The street before Olivia's i

Clo. Will you make me believe, that I as sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, you come speak with her; nor your name master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neit Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent! thy folly somewhere thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that we some great man, and now applies it to a Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubb world, will prove a cockney.—I prythee no gird thy strangeness, and tell me what I sha to my lady; shall I vent to ber, that the coming?

Seb. I prythee, foolish Greek, depart from There's money for thee; if you tarry longe

I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open he. These wise men, that give fools money, get selves a good report after fourteen years' pur

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabi

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? for you. [Striking Seb

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and are all the people mad? Reating Sir As Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your day the house.

#### ENG I. WHAT YOU WILL

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight be in some of your coats for two-per

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [He Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go a work with him; I'll have an action ainst him, if there be any law in Illyr truck him first, yet it's no matter for Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you young soldier, put up your iron: y shed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. W thou now?

thou dar'st tempt me further, draw t

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I cance or two of this malapert blood

#### Enter Olivia.

Oh. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge Sir To. Madam? Oh. Will it be ever thus? Ungraci for the mountains, and the barbarot here manners ne'er were preach'd.

sight! not offended, dear Cesario:----

derby, be gone!—I pr'y thee, gentle [Event Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, a thy fair wisdom, not hy passion, as this uncivil and unjust extent? gainst thy peace. Go with me to my ad hear thou there how many fruitles his ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou ay'st smile at this: thou shalt not chout deny: beshrew' his soul for un

I) Rude fellow. (2) Violence.

1) Ill betide.
L. I.



rul'd by me!
Seb. Madam, I will.
Oli.
O, say so, a

SCENE II.—A room in Olivia Maria and Clown

Mar. Nay, I prythee, put on this beard; make him believe th the curate; do it quickly: I'll c whilst.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and myself in't; and I would I were t dissembled in such a gown. I am to become the function well; nor be thought a good student; but honest man, and a good housel fairly, as to say, a careful man, and The competitors' enter.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Clo. Bonos dies. sir Toby for: Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they had me here in hideous darlness.

Clo. Fie, thou distancest Sathan! I call the the most modest terms: for I am one of those gones, that will use the devil himself with course, that thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows, transpare barricadoes, and the clear stones towards the s morth are as lustrous as ebony; and yet comple thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there i darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignor though ignorance were as dark as hell; and there was never man thus abused: I am no mad than you are; make the trial of it in any



beard, and gown; he sees thee n Sir To. To him in thine own me word how thou findest him: well rid of this knavery. If he ently delivered, I would he were; far in offence with my niece, that with any safety this sport to the u and by to my chamber. [Exc. Sin Clo. Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,

Tell me how thy lady de

Mal. Fool,-Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy Mal. Fool,-

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, 1 say ;-Clo. She loves another-Who

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou at my hand, help me to a candle, a and paper; as I am a gentleman, than ful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio! Mal. Ay, good fool. Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you havid

## ne II. WHAT YOU WILL.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is re.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens rebre! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy in bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,-

\*\*Co. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—
Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'wi'you, good sir
Yous.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,— Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir?

I am shent! for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any

man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,-that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see
his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree : I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice;
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who with dagger of lath,

In his rage and his wrath,

(1) Scolded, reprimanded.

(2) A buffoon character in the old plays, father of the modern harlequin.

# SCENE III.—Olivia's garden. Enter Sebastim

Seb This is the air; that is the glorious sun; This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't: And though 'tis wonder that enwrape me thus, Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then? I could not find him at the Elephant: Yet there he was; and there I found this credit, That he did range the town to seek me out. His counsel now might do me golden service: For though my soul disputes well with my sense That this may be some error, but no madness, Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune, So far exceed all instance, all discourse,<sup>2</sup> That I am ready to distrust mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason, that persuades n To any other trust3 but that I am mad, Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so, She could not sway her house, command her lowers,4

and min back officing and their despate

## Scene I. WE

That my most jet
May live at peace
Whilea! you are :
What time we w.
According to my
Seb. I'll follow
And, having swor
Ok. Then lead
heavens
That they may fa

# SCENE I.-T

Fab. Now, as t Clo. Good mas quest. Fab. Any thin Clo. Do not de Fab. That is, desire my dog ag

Enter Du
Duke. Belong
Clo. Ay, sir; 
Duke. I know
good fellow?

320 TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR,

- 4

of me: now my foes tell me plainly I am that by my foes, sir, I profit in the know-ledge my-li; and by my friends I am abused: so the conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negativemake your two affirmatives, why, then the wom for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for the once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be

double-dealer; there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; at the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triple sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of & Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; One, two, the

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me this throw: if you will let your lady know, I a here to speak with her, and bring her along wi

you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till come again. I go, sir; but I would not have y to think, that my desire of having is the sin of cetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty ta a nap, I will awake it anon.

[Exit Clow

## Enter Antonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescuent Duke. That face of his 1 do remember well; Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war: A ban bling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught, and bulk, unpruable:

#### WHAT YOU WILL.

ch such scathful! grapple did he ma most noble bottom of our fleet. r envy, and the tongue of loss, me and honour on him. - What's the ma Orsino, this is that Antonio, k the Phœnix, and her fraught2, Candv: is he, that did the Tiger board, ur young nephew Titus lost his leg : ne streets, desperate of shame, and s : brabble did we apprehend him. le did me kindness, sir; drew on my! onclusion, put strange speech upon n ot what 'twas, but distraction. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thie ish boldness brought thee to their mer ou, in terms so bloody, and so dear. le thine enemies?

Orsino, noble siz I that I shake off these names you give ever vet was thief, or pirate, I confess, on base and ground enough nemy. A witchcraft drew me hithe it ingrateful boy there, by your side rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth eem; a wreck past hope he was: gave him, and did thereto add without retention, or restraint, dedication : for his sake, ose myself, pure for his love, langer of this adverse town; defend him, when he was beset; eing apprehended, his false cunning ning to partake with me in danger,) im to face me out of his acquaintanc v a twenty-years-removed thing, ne would wink; denied me mine purse.

) Mischievous. (2) Freis

۱

Which I had recommended to his use Not half an hour before.

Tio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before

(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.—

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madnes: Three months this youth hath tended upon me; But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?— Cesario, you do not keep promise with me. Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,——

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?——Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me Oil. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord, It is as fat! and fulsome to mine ear, As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady, To whose ingrate and unauspicions altars My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd or, That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall be come him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it, Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death, Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,

(1) Dull, gross.

### Scene I. WHAT YOU WILL.

That sometime savours nobly?—But hear Since you to non-regardance cast my faith And that I partly know the instrument That screws me from my true place in your Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still But this your minion, whom, I know, you And whom, by heaven, I swear, I tender-Him will I tear out of that cruel eye, Where he sits crowned in his master's spit Come boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe chief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willin
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would d

[Fo.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I More than I love these eyes, more than my More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love to I do feign, you witnesses above,

Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah, me, detested! how am I begui Vio. Who does beguile you? who does wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so be Call forth the holy father. [Exit an At Duke. Come aw

Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husba
Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband; Can he the

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lor
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety if
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then the

(1) Disown thy property.

As great as that thou fear'st .- O, welcome, father

Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence, Here to unfold (though lately we intended To keep in darkness, what occasion now Reveals before 'tis ripe,' what thou dost know, Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
grave,

I have travelled but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be, When time hath sew'd a grizzle on thy case?! Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow, That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow? Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet, Where thou and I henceforth may never meet. I'io. My lord, I do protest,—

Oh. O, do not swear: Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir. And. He has broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?
Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario:

(1) Skin.

## I. WHAT YOU WILL.

k him for a coward, but he's the vinate.

te. My gentleman, Cesario?

And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—1

And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—'I ad for nothing; and that that I d to do't by sir Toby.

Why to you speak to me? I never ew your sword upon me, without espake you fair, and hurt you not. And. If a bloody coxcomb be a l urt me; I think, you set nothing by nb.

Sir Toby Belch, drunk, led by the omes sir Toby halting, you shall he he had not been in drink, he wo you othergates! than he did.

ie. How now, gentleman? how is't to To. That's all one; he has hurt the end on't.—Sot, did'st see Dick

O he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour s were set at eight i' the morning.

To. Then he's a rogue. After a par a pavin,? I hate a drunken rogue Away with him: who hath made them?

And. I'll help you, sir Toby, becaused together.

To. Will you help an ass-head, an and a knave? a thin-faced knave, Get him to bed, and let his hurt belizeunt Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir.

#### Enter Sebastian.

I am sorry, madam, I have hurt y man; id it been the brother of my blood

Otherways.

(2) Serious d

nust have done no less, with wit, and safetyou throw a strange regard upon me, and it that I do perceive it bath offended rou; a. don me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago. Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and me

A natural perspective, that is, and is not Sel. Antonio, O my dear Antonio! How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,

Since I have lost thee. Fear'st thou that, Antonio' Ant. Sebastian are you? Ant. How have you made division of yourself?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin Which is Sebastian? Than these two creatures.

Sch. Do I stand there? I never had a brother: Oli. Most wonderful! Nor can there be that deity in my nature, Of here and every where. I had a sister, Whom the blind waves and surges have derourd-Of charity, what kin are you to me? [To Viola What countryman? what name? what parening? Vio. Cf Messaline: Sebastian was my father:

Such a Sebastian was my brother too, So went he suited to his watery tomb : It spirits can assume both form and suit, A spirit I am indeed; You come to fright us.

But am in that dimension grossly clad, Which from the womb I did participate. Were you a woman, as the rest goes even, I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, And say - Thrice welcome, drowned Viola! Lio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her bi Sch. And so had mine. Had number'd thirteen years.

(1) Out of charity tell me

#### WHAT YOU WILL.

that record is lively in my soul!

ad, indeed, his mortal act,
that made my sister thirteen years.

nothing lets! to make us happy both,
ny masculine usurp'd attre,
brace me, till each circumstance
time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
a Viola: which to confirm,
you to a captain in this town,
my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help,
serv'd, to serve this noble count:
currence of my fortune since
n between this lady, and this lord.
) comes it, lady, you have been mistook:

[To Olivia.

e to her bias drew in that.
d have been contracted to a maid;
ou therein, by my life, deceiv'd;
ietroth'd both to a maid and man.
Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
so, as yet the glass seems true,
ve share in this most happy wreck:
hast said to me a thousand times,

[To Viola.]

er should'st love woman like to me.
.nd all those sayings will I over-swear;
.ooe swearings keep as true in soul,
hat orbed continent the fire
.rs day from night.

Give me thy hand; se see thee in thy woman's weeds. e captain, that did bring me first on shore, maid's garments: be, upon some action, durance; at Malvolio's suit, an, and follower of my lady's. a shall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio hitter:—alas, now I remember me,

(1) Hinders.

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Beizebub at a. How noes . stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you; I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the for delivers the madman :- By the Lord, madam,-

Oil. How now! art thou mad? Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: 8 your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, yo

must allow vox.1

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits. Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his rig wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend,2 my pr

cess, and give ear. To Fabi Oli. Read it you, sirrah. Fab. [reads.] By the Lord, madam, you wro me, and the world shall know it: though you h put me into darkness, and given your drun cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of as your ladyship. I have your

## Scene I. WHAT YOU WILL.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring hi

My lord, so please you, these things furthe.

To think me as well a sister as a wife, One day shall crown the alliance on't, so pl Here at my house, and at my proper cost Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embr

offer.—
Your master quits you; [To Viola.] and,
service done him.

So much against the mettle! of your sex, So far beneath your soft and tender breec And since you call'd me master for so lon Here is my hand; you shall from this tim Your master's mistress.

Oli.

A sister?—you

(3),

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?
Oli. Ay, my lord, the

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done n Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, pe letter:

You must not now deny it is your hand, Write from it, if you can, in hand, or pho Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invent You can say none of this: Well, grant it And tell me, in the modesty of honour, Why you have given me such clear lights Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter. To put on yellow stockings, and to frow Upon sir Toby, and the lightes people: And, acting this in an obedient hope, Why have you suffer'd me to be imprise

(1) Frame and constitution.

That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling
And in such forms which here were presuppord
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'y thee be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon the
But, when we know the grounds and authors of
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge

Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak

And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,

Taint the condition of this present hour,

Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall me

Most fively I contess, my-elf, and Toby,

Set this device against Malvolio here,

Upon some subborn and uncourteous parts

We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ

The setter, at sir Toby's great importance?

In recompense whereof, he hath married her.

How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,

Mar rather pluck on laughter than revenge;

If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,

That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled the Clo. Why, some are horn great, some achie greatness, and some have greatness thrown up then. I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir law, sir; but that's all one —By the Lord, foo am not mad;—But do you remember? Made why laugh you at such a barren rescal? as y smile not, he's gagg'd: And thus the whirther time byings in his revenges.

<sup>(1)</sup> Fool. (2) Importunacy. (3) Co

#### Scene I. WHAT YOU WILL.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of ; [E. Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus?]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus?

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to peace. He hath not told us of the captain yet;

When that is known, and golden time convent A solemn combination shall be made. Of our dear souls—Meantime, sweet sister, We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come; For so you shall be, while you are a man; But, when in other habits you are seen, Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [Exe

#### SONG.

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, 'Gainst knave and thief men shut their go For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive, With hey. ho, the wind and the rain, By swaggering could I never thrive, For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, With toss-pots still had drunken head, For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every d

## (1) Shall serve.



truly comic; he is betrayed to his pride. The marriage of ceeding perplexity, though we to divert on the stage, wants or produce the proper instructic drama, as it exhibits no just pi EASURE FOR MEASURE.



#### PERSONS REPRESENTE:

Vincentio, duke of Vienna.

Angelo, lord deputy in the duke's absence.

Escalus, an ancient lord, joined with Ara, the deputation.

Claudio, a young gentleman.

Lucio, a fantastic.

T'aro other like gentlemen.

Varrius, a gentleman, servant to the duke.

Provost.

Thomas,

Peter,

A Justice.

Elbow, a simple constable.

Froth, a foolish gentleman.

Clown, servant to Mrs. Over-done.

Abbrorson, an executioner.

Isabella, sister to Cloudio.

Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.
Juliet, beloved by Claudio.

Francisca, a nun.

Mistress Over-done, a basod.

Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.

Lords, gentlemen, guards, officers, and stitle tendants.

Scene, Vienna,

## EASURE FOR MEAS

## ACT I.

NE I.—An apartment in the Du nter Duke, Escalus, Lords, and at

Duke.

CALUS,—

eal. My lord.

uke. Of government the properties the seem in me to affect speech and a I am put to know that your own seds, in that, the lists! of all advice trength can give you: then no mo that to your sufficiency, as your we let them work. The nature of or city's institutions, and the terms common justice, you are as pregner and practice hath enriched any we remember: there is our common which we would not have you we hither,

[Evit an t figure of us think you he will be ou must know, we have with spec ed him our absence to supply; him our terror, drest him with our given his deputation all the organ.

, bid come before us Angelo.-

him our terror, drest him with our given his deputation all the organ ir own power: what think you of cod. If any in Vienna be of worth ndergo such ample grace and hon

(1) Bounds.

٠.

(2) Fall 4

nestion, is thy security .

Now, good my lord, e more test made of my metal, and so great a figure

No more evasion: leaven'd and prepared choice

u; therefore take your honours hence is of so quick condition, tself, and leaves unquestion'd

nts. (2) So much thy own proper purposes. (4) Interest. ourposes.

Exeunt.

Matters of needful value. We shall write to you.

As time and our concernings shall importune, How it goes with us; and do look to know What doth befall you here. So, fare you well: To the honeful execution do I leave you

To the hopeful execution do I leave you Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine become have to do.

Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do With any scruple: your scope! is as fine own; So to enforce, or qualify the laws, As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand; I'll privily away: I love the people,

But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and ares? vehement;

Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you week.
Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes.
Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happi-

Duke. I thank you: fare you well. [Exit.
Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what strength and nature

I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw to-

gether, And we may soon our satisfaction have

Touching that point.

Escal.

I'll wait upon your honour.

SCENE II.—A street. Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come

(1) Extent of power. (2) Hailings. VOL. I. P



2 Gent. Thou shalt not ste Lucio. Ay, that he razed. 1 Gent. Why, 'twas a cor mand the captain and all the tions; they put forth to steal: of us all, that, in the thank doth relish the petition well th 2 Gent, I never heard any Lucio. I believe thee; for, wast where grace was said. 2 Gent. No? a dozen times 1 Gent. What? in metre? Lucio. In any proportion, l 1 Gent. I think, or in any r Lucio. Ay! why not? Gra of all controversy: as for exi art a wicked villain, despite of 1 Gent. Well, there went

#### Scene II. FOR MEASURE.

thine own confession, learn to beg but, whilst I live, forget to drink aft 1 Gent. I think I have done r

have I not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast; wh tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where n tion comes! I have purchased as under her roof, as come to-

2 Gent. To what, I pray? 1 Gent. Judge.

2 Gent. To three thousand dolla

1 Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 Gent. Thou art always figuri me: but thou art full of error; I ar Lucio. Nav. not as one would but so sound, as things that are holl are hollow; impiety has made a fe

#### Enter Bawd.

1 Gent. How now? Which of yo most profound sciatica?

Based. Well, well; there's one y and carried to prison, was worth fit YOU all.

1 Gent. Who's that, I pray thee Band. Marry, sir, that's Claudio. 1 Gent. Claudio to prison! 'tis r Based. Nay, but I know, 'tis so: rested; saw him carried away; more, within these three days his he ped off.

Lucio, But, after all this fooling have it so: art thou sure of this? Board. I am too sure of it: and

medam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may

(1) Corona Ven

to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 Gent. Besides you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 Gent. But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it. [Excunt Lucio and Gentlemen.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat; what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

#### Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison. Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clo A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Band. What, is there a maid with child by him? Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: you have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Band. What proclamation, man?

Clo All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must

be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the

city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Rand But shall all our houses of recent in the

Band. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade: !''ll be your tapeater still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you had.

<sup>(1)</sup> The sweating sickness.

### Scene III. FOR MEASURE.

have worn your eyes almost out in the ser will be considered.

Benod. What's to do here, Thomas Tap withdraw.

Clo. Here comes signior Claudio, led b

SCENE III.—The same. Enter Provo dio, Juliet, and Officers; Lucio, and themen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show n the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committe Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,

But from lord Angelo by special charge. Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Autho Make us pay down for our offence by wei The words of heaven;—on whom it will On whom it will on, so; yet still 'tis just

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? where this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucie As surfeit is the father of much fast,

So every scope by the immoderate use Turns to restraint: our natures do pursu (Like rats that ravin? down their proper! A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we d

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under I would send for certain of my creditors: to say the truth, I had as lief have the freedom, as the morality of imprisonment-thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of would offe Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery? Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir; you must go.

(1) Gaoler. (2) Vorsciously



I got possession of Julietta's You know the lady; she is Save that we do the denum Of outward order: this we Only for propagation of a Remaining in the coffer of From whom we thought it Till time had made them The stealth of our most m With character too gross, Lucio. With child, per Claud. Unhappily, eve And the new deputy now Whether it be the fault a Or whether that the body A horse whereon the gov Who, newly in the seat, He can command, lets it Whether the tyranny be Or in his eminence that I stagger in :-But this

Awakes me all the enrol

Claud. I have d I prythee, Lucio, ( This day my sister And there receive h Acquaint her with th Implore her, in my v To the strict deputy; I have great hope in There is a prone<sup>2</sup> and Such as moves men; be When she will play w Lucio. I pray she maj ment of the like, which grievous imposition; as who I would be sorry s at a game of tick-tack. Claud. I thank you, & Lucio. Within two he Claud. Come, officer,

## CENE IV.—A mona. Friar T

Duke. No; holy father; telieve not that the dribbin in pierce a complete boar give me secret harbour, regrave and wrinkled til burning youth.

Yri. May yo

v.ke. My holy sir, none in I have ever loved the limbeld in idle price to have re youth, and cost, and we delivered to lord Ange an of stricture, and firm

Enter on her probation.
Completely armed. (4)
Showy dress resides.

Than in lord Angelo.

I do fear, to Sith! 'twee my fault to give the peop 'I would be my tyranny to strike, a For what I bid them do: for we bid When evil deeds have their permiss And not the punishment. Therefo

father, I have on Angelo impos'd the office Who may, in the ambush of my name And yet my nature never in the sigh To do it slander: and to behold his I will, as 'twere a brotherst your a Visit both prince and people: therest Supply me with the babit, and instru

(1) Since.

### Scene V. FOR MEASURE.

How I may formally in person bear me Like a true friar. More reasons for this a At our more leisure shall I render you; Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise; Stands at a guard! with envy; scarce con That his blood flows, or that his appetite Is more to bread than stone: hence shall If power change purpose, what our seems

### SCENE V.—A nunnery. Enter Isab Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no further pr Fran. Are not these large enough? Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desirin But rather wishing a more strict restraint Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of saint Lucio. Ho! peace be in this place! [Isab. Who's that which Fran. It is a man's voice: gentle Isab Turn you the key, and know his business You may, I may not; you are yet unswoi When you have vow'd, you must not sp

men,
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show yo
Or, if you show your face, you must not s
He calls again; I pray you answer him.

[Exit F Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't the

### Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as thor

Proclaim you are no less! can you so ste As bring me to the sight of Isabella, A novice of this place, and the fair sister To her unhappy brother Claudio?

(1) On his defence.

a saint.
You do blaspheme the good, in me me.
Do not believe it. Fewness and 'tis thus:
other and his lover have embrac'd:
e that feed grow full; as blossoming om the seedness the bare fallow bring ining foison; 3 even so her plenteous weth his full tilth and husbandry.
Some one with child by him?—My Juliet?

Juliet?
Juliet?
Adoptedly; as school-maids change names, though apt affection.

She it is.

not make a jest of me.
w and true words. (3) Breeding r

#### Scene V. FOR MEASURE.

Isab. O, let him marry her!
Lucio. Tl
The duke is very strangely gone fre
Bore many gentlemen, myself bein

Bore many gentlemen, myself bein In hand, and hope of action: but w By those that know the very nerves His givings-out were of an infinite of From his true-meant design. Upon And with full line! of his authority. Governs lord Angelo; a man, whos Is very snow-broth; one who never The wanton stings and motions of t But doth rebate and blunt his nature With profits of the mind, study and He (to give fear to use and liberty, Which have, for long, run by the hi As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out a Under whose heavy sense your broth Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on And follows close the rigour of the To make him an example: all hope Unless you have the grace by your To soften Angelo: and that's my pi Of business 'twixt you and your poo

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has

Already; and, as I hear, the provos A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power! Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt, Lucio. Our doub And make us lose the good we off m By fearing to attempt: go to lord A And let him learn to know, when m Men give like gods; but when they we

(1) Extent. (2) Power of gain

(3) Sentenced.



No longer staying out w Notice of my affair. I h Commend me to my bro I'll send him certain wo Lucio. I take my lea Isab.

A 4

SCENE I.—A hall 1
Angelo, Escalus, a J
attendants.

Ang. We must not n
Setting it up to fear<sup>3</sup> t
And let it keep one st
Their perch, and not
Escal.
Let us be keen, and r
Than fall, and bruise t
Whom I would save,

### Scene I. FOR MEASURE.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus, Another thing to fall. I not deny, The jury, passing on the prisoner's life, May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two Guiltier than him they try: what's open made to justice,

That justice seizes. What know the laws, That thieves do pass! on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant.'

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it, Because we see it; but what we do not see, We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence, Ford I have had such faults; but rather tell me, When I, that censure him, do so offend, Let mine own judgment pattern out my death, And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudie
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [Ex. Prov.
Escal. Well, heaven forgive him; and forgive
us all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall: Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none; And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a common weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

(1) Pass judgment. (2) Plain. (3) Because. (4) Sentence. (5) Thickest, thorny paths of your (6) Wealth.

Ang. How now, sir' what's your name! and

what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good monour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are

they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow!
is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Eth. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel2-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. how dost thou know that, constable? Eth. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

(1) Well told. (2) Partly. (3) Keeps a barnio.
(4) For protest.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so. Elb. Prove it before these variets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

[To Angelo. Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes: sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence: your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: as I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;

—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give

you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. —What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.



Escal. So.—What trade are you of, air?

Cle. A tapster: a poor widow's tapster. Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one hu
Clo. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.
Escal. Nine:—Come hither to me, master

Docal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Master Froth I would not have you acquired with tapsters; 'they will draw you, master and you will hang them: get you gone, and no more of you.

Fresh. I thank your worship: for min part, I never come into any room in a taj

but Í am drawn in.

Estal. Well; no more of it, master Frott well. [Exit Froth.]—Come you hither master tapeter; what's your name, master t Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your burn is the g



Beene I.

Escal. Why
Clo. I'll be:
the worst thing
be the worst th
Froth do the c
know that of ;
Escal. He':
you to it?
Elb. First,
spected house

and his mistre
Clo. By t
respected per
Elb. Varie

respected per Elb. Varie let: the time spected with

Clo. Sir, s married with

Escal. W iniquity? Is Elb. O th

ed Hannibal married to h or she with

poor duke's nibal, or I'll Escal. If

might have
Elb. Ma

as they are chosen, they are some them: I do it for some piece

through with all.

Lad, Look you, bring me

Corp. 1908 you omig messing SAO seven to most afficie E b. To you worship's bons Escal. To my house: Fare Eller you Was's Zelock, tainky

J. I Eleven, sir. E cal. I pear you home to di Jet I Camble thank you.

Lara'. It grieves me for the o But a contem dy.

Just, Lord Angelo is severe.

E out. M seis not itself, that oft look Pardon is sall the nurse of sec-But yet, -Poor Claudio!- The Come. sit.

SCENE II - Another room Provest and a Se

I crave your honour's pardon. shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?

e more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Here is the sister of the man condemn'd, access to you.

Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid, Hath he a sister? e shortly of a sisterhood,

Well, let her be admitted. [Ex. Serv. ne fornicatress be remov'd; we needful, but not lavish, means;

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

ve your honour! Offering to retire.
y a little while.—[To Isab.]

you, if you would? that I cannot do. nd do the world no

with that remorsel

too late.

[To Isabella.
that do speak a word,
I believe? this,
tes 'longs',
the deputed sword,
or the judge's robe,
so good a grace,
been as you,
have slipt like him;

(2) Be assured.

Scene II. FOR M

But he, like you, would Ang. Pray you, beg. Ang. Pray you, beg. Isab. I would to heave And you were Isabel! s. No; I would tell what And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him: Ang. Your brother is a

And you but waste your v Lsab.
Why, all the souls that we

And He that might the var Found out the remedy: H If He, which is the top of But judge you as you are; And mercy then will breath Like man new made.

As the law, not I, condemns Were he my kinsman, brothe t should be thus with him;—

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's

sys not prepar'd for death! E e kill the fowl of season;! sh ith less respect than we do mi our gross selves? Good, good

you:
o is it that hath died for this cre's many have committed it

section.

The law hath not been hath slept:

many had not dar'd to do t first man that did the edict i nawer'd for his deed: now, note of what is done; and, I

(1) When in season

Looks in a glass, that shows wh (Either now, or by remissness in And so in progress to be hatch'. Are now to have no successive But, where they live, to end. Isab. Y

Ang. I show it most of all, will For then I pity those I do not ke Which a dismiss'd offence would And do him right, that, answeris Lives not to act another. Be se Your brother dies to-morrow: b Isab. So you must be the fir

sentence:
And he, that suffers: O, it is ex
To have a giant's strength; but
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's '
Isab. Could great men thund
As Jove himself does, Jove wou
For every pelting petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thur

thunder.—

thunder.—

Merciful heaven!

Thou rather, with thy sharp and Split'st the unwedgeable and gruthan the soft myrtle:—O, but no Drest in a little brief authority; Most ignorant of what he's most His glassy essence,—like an angellays such fantastic tricks before As make the angels weep: who, Would all themselves laugh mortancie. O, to him, to him, wenc

He's coming, I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heav

Isab. We cannot weigh our bro

Great men may jest with saints:

### Scene II. FOR MEASURE.

But, in less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou art in the right, girl; Isab. That in the captain's but a ch

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more (

Ang. Why do you put these sayin Isab. Because authority, though it et Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself, That skims the vice o' the top: Go to Knock there; and ask your heart, what

That's like my brother's fault: if it co

Let it not sound a thought upon your Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speak Such sense, that my sense breeds with

you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:--Come again

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Goturn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heave with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the

Or stones, whose rates are either rich As fancy values them: but with true p. That shall be up in heaven, and enter Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved? From fasting maids, whose minds are

To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to

To-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; it is well; away. [A Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe Ang.

(1) Attested, stamped.

(2) Preserved from the corruption (VOL. I. Q

catch a saint,
nock! Most dangerous
th goad us on
ever could the strumpel,
ir, art, and nature,
t this virtuous maid
f, till now,
mil'd, and wonder'd how.
[Exil.
in a prison. Enter Duke,
riar, and Provost.
rovost; so, I think you are.

Kings, x. 27.

### Scene III. FOR MEASURE.

Prov. I am the provost: What's your w frier?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits

Here in the prison: do me the common rig To let me see them; and to make me kno The nature of their crimes, that I may min To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if me needful.

#### Enter Juliet.

Leok, here comes one; a gentlewoman of Who falling in the flames of her own yout Hath blister'd her report: She is with chil And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young m More fit to do another such offence, Than die for this.

Duke. When must be die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.

I have provided for you; stay a while. [T And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin yo Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most p Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arra conscience.

And try your penitence, if it be sound, Or hollowly put on.

him.

r nonowly put on. Juliat. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offen Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, fat Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter but les repent,

(2)

Ang. When I would pray and think

To several subjects: heaven hath my e Whilst my invention, hearing not my t Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my me As if I did but only chew his name; And in my heart, the strong and swell Of my conception: The state, where Is like a good thing, being often read, Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my g Wherein (let no man hear me) I take Could I, with boot 2 change for an idle Which the air beats for vain. O place How often dost thou with thy case,3 th Wrench awe from fools, and tie the w To thy false seeming? Blood, thou sti Let's write good angel on the devil's h 'Tis not the devil's crest.

(1) Spare to offend heaven.

(3) Outside.

### Scene IV. FOR MEASURE.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there? Serv.

One Isabel, a :

Desires access to you.

Teach her the way. [1

Ang.
O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my he Making both it unable for itself,

And dispossessing all the other parts
Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that a Come all to help him, and so stop the air By which he should revive: and even so The general, subject to a well-wish'd kin Quit their own part, and in obsequious for Croud to his presence, where their untaug Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your Ang. That you might know it, woul better please me.

Than to demand what tis. Your brother car Isab. Even so?—Heaven keep your hor

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it As long as you, or I: Yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech fou? that in his I
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were To pardon him, that hath from nature sto A man already made, as to remit Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven! In stamps that are forbid: 'its all as easy

to take away a life true made, at mettle in restrained means, e a false one.

'Tis set down so in heaven, but not ira Say you so? then I shall poze you o wieth, had you rather, That the most just law is your brother's life; or, to redeem him, your body to such sweet uncleanness, that he hath stain'd?

ather give my body than my soul.

I talk not of your soul: Our compell'd size nor for number than accompt.

How say you?

Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
t the thing I say. Answer to this;—
the voice of the recorded law,
nce a sentence on your brother's life:
there not be a charity in sin,
e this brother's life?

Please you to do't, e it as a peril to my soul, sin at all, but charity.

Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul, equal poice of sin and charity.

That I do beg his life, if it be sin,

1, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,

be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer

e it added to the faults of mine,

othing of your, augmer.

Nay, but hear me: ense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant, n so, craftily; and that's not good.

Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good, acously to know I am no better.

Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright, it doth tax itself: as these black masks m an ensited beauty ten times loader

(1) Enshielded, covered.

Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me To be receiv'd plain, I'll speak more gross: Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life (As I subscribe2 not that, nor any other, But in the loss of question, by that you, his sist Finding yourself desir'd of such a person, Whose credit with the judge, or own great p Could fetch your brother from the menacles Of the all-binding law; and that there were No earthly mean to save him, but that either You must lay down the treasures of your box To this supposed, or else let him suffer; What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as my That is, Were I under the terms of death, The impression of keen whips I'd wear as ru And strip myself to death, as to a bed That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yie My body up to shame.

Ane.

Then must your brothe Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way : Better it were, a brother died at once, Than that a sister, by redeeming him, Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sen That you have slander'd so?

Isal. Ignomy4 in ransom, and free pardon

Are of two houses: lawful mercy is Nothing akin to foul redemption. Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law

And rather prov'd the sliding of your brothe

(1) Penalty. (2) Agree to. (3) Convers (4) Ignominy.

-2,

A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it of falls
To have what we'd have, we speak not when:

I something do excuse the thing I hate, For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die.

If not a feodary, but only he,

Owe,2 and succeed by weakness.

Ang. Nav, women are frail too.

Isab. Av, as the glasses where they view them-

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call usen times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are.

And credulous to false prints.3

Ang. I think it well:

And from this testimony of your own sex (Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold; I do arrest your words; Be that you are, That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none; If you be one (as you are well express'd

By all external warrants,) show it now, By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord, Let me entreat you speak the former language. Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me.

That he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love. Isab. I know, your virtue hath a license in't, Which seems a little fouler than it is, To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honous,

(3) Impressions

(1) Associate. (2) Own.

## IV. FOR MEASURE.

ords express my purpose. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd, nost pernicious purpose!-Seeming, seeming! proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't: ne a present pardon for my brother, ith an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world l, what man thou art. Who will believe thee, Isabel? nsoil'd name, the austereness of my life, ouch2 against you, and my place i' the state, so your accusation overweigh. yoù shall stifle in your own report. mell of calumny. I have begune now I give my sensual race the rein: y consent to my sharp appetite; y all nicety, and prolixious3 blushes, banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother elding up thy body to my will; e he must not only die the death, w unkindness shall his death draw out igering sufferance: answer me to-morrow, t the affection that now guides me most, ove a tyrant to him: As for you, hat you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

i, To whom shall I complain? Did I tell this, would believe me? O perilous mouths, bear in them one and the self-same tongue, of condemnation or approof! get he law make court'sy, to their will; ing both right and wring to the appetite, low as it draws! I'll to my brother: he hath fallen by prompture of the blood, ith he in him such a mind of honour, and he twenty heads to tender down enty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up, his sister should her body stog.

ocrisy. (2) Attestatio Q 2 Then Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die: More than our brother is our chastity. I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request, And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [Ess].

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—A room in the prison. Enter Date, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine, But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute! for death; either death, or life, Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life,—

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art
(Servile to all the skiey influences,)
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still: Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness: Thou art by no means
valiant:

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not:
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st; Thou art not cortain:

(1) Determined.

### Scene I. FOR MEASURE.

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects, After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art prof. Ike an ass, whose back with ingots bow Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey, And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou no For thine own bowels, which do call thee sing the more effusion of thy proper loins, Decurse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum, For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor are:

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg thee aims
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old, and
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor bromake thy riches pleasant. What's yet in
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly than!
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: Let it come o

### Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish de a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you aga Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Cl Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you |
Duke. Bring them to speak, where I m
conceal'd,

(1) Affects, affections. (2) Leprous erw (3) Old age.

Yet hear them. [Execut Claud. Now, sister, who Isab. Why, as all comforts

Isab. Why, as all comforts deed:

Lord Angelo, having affairs to l Intends you for his swift ambas Where you shall be an everlast Therefore your best appointmen To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is ther Isab. None, but such remedy To cleave a heart in twain.

Cland

Isab. Yes, brother, you may There is a devilish mercy in th If you'll implore it, that will fr

But fetter you till death.

Claud. Pe Isab. Ay, just, perpetual du Though all the world's vastidir To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But i

Isab. In such a one as (you

Would bark your honour from

And leave you naked.

Claud.

Let me

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Cla Lest thou a feverous life should And six or seven winters more Than a perpetual honour. De The sense of death is most in a And the poor beelle, that we t In corporal sufferance finds a p As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give: Think you I can a resolution for From flowery tenderness? If

(1) Resident. (2) Prepa (3) Vastness of extent.

#### Scene 1. FOR MEASURE.

I will encounter darkness as a bride. And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there

Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must Thou art too noble to conserve a life In base appliances. This outward-sain Whose settled visage and deliberate w Nips youth i'the head, and tollies doth As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil His filth within being cast, he would at A pond as deep us hell.

Claud. The princely Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of he The damned'st body to invest and cove In princely guards 2 Dost thou think,

If I would yield him my virginity, Thou might'st be freed?

Claud.

O. heavens! it

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, fro offence. So to offend him still: This night's the

That I should do what I abhor to name Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Thou sh Cland. Isab. O. were it but my life.

I'd throw it down for your deliverance As frankly3 as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear I: Lab Be ready, Claudio, for your de mu.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in I That thus can make him bite the law When he would force it? Sure it is no Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isah. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, bei Why, would be for the momentary tri

(1) Shut up. (2) Laced robes.

zene I. Act III.

Claud. Na Isab.

lab. W

Duke. 1

raid by

w62

priaction

bab. Il

inten

inile. Duke. ard wh . Ang

is he

, jud

ine 34

H

æ

Thy sin's no fearful thing. Mercy to the The best the Claud.

iow not where: t; 36

Duke. V wd.

ce;

inds, about

e than worst

spirit

thoughts

: !

rldly life,

onment

r, let me live: 's life.

ſar,

beast!

wretch! ny vice?

ſе What should I

my father fair! 1ess

e my defiance 4

lay, hear me, Isabel.

O, fie, fie, fie!

s not accidental, but a trade:
to thee would prove itself a bawd:

est that thou diest quickly. [Going. and O hear me, Isabella.

### Ro-enter Duke.

Dubs. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the matisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Issb. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [To Claudio, aside.] Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive; I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not antisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duks. Hold you there: farewell. [Ex. Claud.

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

(1) An established habit.

(2) Continue in that resolution.



Prov. In good time.

Prov. The hand that bath made you

Duke. The hand that bath made you

nade you good: the goodness, that is
beauty makes beauty brief in goodness;
beauty makes beauty brief in goodness;
body of it ever fair. The assault, that A
body of it ever fair. The assault, that A
brade to you, fortune hath convey'd to
standing; and, but that frailty hath e;
standing; I should wonder at Angelo.
you do to content this substitute, and

brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve Isab. I am now going to resolve rather my brother die by the law, should be unlawfully born. But 0, the good duke deceived in Angelo! turn, and I can speak to him, I will turn, and I can speak to him, I will in vain, or discover his government.

in vain, or discover his government.

\*\*Duke.\*\* That shall not be much ami matter now stands, he will avoid yo he made trial of you only. — Therefore are on my advisings; to the love I good, a remedy presents itself. It good, a remedy presents itself. It

### FOR MEASURE.

r should this Angelo have married; was her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: which time of the contract, and limit of the her brother Frederick was wrecked at in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his it mark, how heavily this befel to the poor man: there she lost a noble and renowned in his love toward her ever most kind and with him the portion and sinew of her formarriage-dowry; with both, her combinational, this well-seeming Angelo.

i. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her? Re. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, ading, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, wed? her on her own lamentation, which she cears for his sake; and he, a marble to her is washed with them, but relents not.

ib. What a merit were it in death, to take this maid from the world! What corruption in this hat it will let this man live!—But how out of an she avail?

cke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: be cure of it not only saves your brother, but

you from dishonour in doing it.

b. Show me how, good father.

the. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the
mance of her first affection; his unjust uness, that in all reason should have quenched
ve, hath, like an impediment in the current,
it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angenswer his requiring with a plausible obediagree with his demands to the point: only
yourself to this advantage,—first, that your
vith him may not be long; that the time may
all shadow and silence in it; and the place
it to convenience: this being granted in

Betrothed. (2) Gave her up to her sorrows. Have recourse to.



hereafter, it may and here, by this, is your bonour untainted, the poor Mariana advant the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid with the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid with and make fit for his attempt. If you the and make fit for his attempt. If you the defends the deceit from reproof. Whe defends the deceit from reproof.

of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me contu-

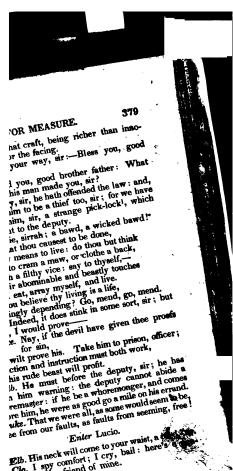
Duke. It lies much in your holdin Duke. It lies much in your holdin you speedily to Angelo; if for this nig you to his bed, give him promise of s will presently to St. Luke's; there, will presently to St. Luke's; there will be suited by the st. St. Luke's in the suited by the the suited

it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort:

[Ex good father.

SCENE II.—The street before the ter Duke, as a friar; to him Elbi



Cho. I spy comfort; I cry, bail: here's leman, and a friend of mine.

(1) For a Spanish padlock (2) Tied like your waist with a row Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, sels of Cessar? Art thou led in triumph? I there none of Pygmalion's images, newly roman, to be had now, for putting the hand pocket, and extracting it clutch'd? What i Ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain! What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as i man? Which is the way? Is it sad, an words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!
Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mi
Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'is good; it is the right of must be so: ever your fresh whore, and you der'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence; i be so: art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

bail.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: fs go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, P Or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a br
Lucio. Well, then imprison him: if
ment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis
bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity tr
born. Farewell, good Pompey: common
the prison, Pompey: you will turn gor
now, Pompey; you will keep the hous
Cho. I hope, sir, your good worshir

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pom the wear.<sup>3</sup> I will pray, Pompey, to i bondage: if you take it not patientl mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Po you, friar.

(1) Powdering tub. (2) (3) Fashion.

d you.

ses Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

.ne your ways, sir; come.

At will not bail me then, sir?

Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news friar? what news?

. Come your ways, sir; come.

cio. Go,-to kennel, Pompey, go:

[E. eunt Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

aat news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any? Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I

**wish** him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, frier.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally 'd: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him:— Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes: but it is certain, that when he makes wates, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion' ungenerative, that's infallible.

# (1) Puppet.

tand the interpretation of the greater file? of the twise. It is not to evise, the greater file? It is not to evise the greater file. It is not to evise the greater file. It is not the business and the business aream of his life, and the business must, upon a warranted need, must, upon a warranted need, for bringings forth, and he shall the greater file. It is not to evise the g

(2) The majority of his subject.
(4) Guided.



# me II. FOR MEASURE.

388

m knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in rr malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duks. Love talks with better knowledge, and wledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know what you speak. But, if ever the duke return our prayers are he may, let me desire you to ke your answer before him: if it be honest you as spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am and to call upon you; and, I pray you, your me?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to : duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may e to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Ouke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, leed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear s again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceived in , friar. But no more of this: canst thou tell, if

audio die to-morrrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish.
would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again:
s ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province
th continency; sparrows must not build in his
use-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke
t would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he
uld never bring them to light: would he were ren'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for unussing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for
The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mut2 on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to
se, he would mouth with a beggar, though she

(1) Opponent.

(2) Have a wench.



Can censure virtue strike Can tie the gall up in the slanu. Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, an But who comes here?

Escal. Go, away with her to pris Band. Good my lord, be good to m prime, crowning to the force to it Escal. Double and treble adme

forfest in the same kind? This we swear, and play the tyrant.

it please your honour.
Band. My lord, this is one? against me: mistress Kate Ke Chilq ph him in the dake, a the marriage, his child is a year come builb and Jacop: I has

come ramp and Jacob ; a native see how he goes about to a fee how to go a feet fellow is a feet him be called before nrison: 7 Process, my die

#### Scene II. FOR MEASURE.

To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the see, In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it; novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be constant in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships accurs'd: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contend-

ed especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous: and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measures from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and

now is he resolved! to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answers the straitness of

Satisfied.

VOL. I.



Exeunt Lacalus Duke. Peace De ... He, who the sword of heaven will bear, Should be as holy as severe; Pattern in himself to know, Grace to stand, and virtue go; More nor less to others paying, Than by self-offences weighing. Shame to him, whose cruel striking Kills for faults of his own liking! Twice treble shame on Angelo, To weed my vice, and let his grow! O, what may man within him hide, Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness, made? in crimes. Making practice on the times, Draw with idle spiders' strings Most pond'rous and substantial thing Craft against vice I must apply With Angelo to-night shall lie His old betrothed, but despis'd; So disguise shall, by the disguis'd, Day with falsehood false exacting,

# Scene I. FOR MEASURE.

And those eyes, the break of day, Lights that do mislead the morn But my kisses bring again,

Seals of love, but seal d in vain,

Mari. Break off thy song, and has away;

Here comes a man of comfort, whose Hath often still'd my brawling discor

# Enter Duke.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could You had not found me here so music. Let me excuse me, and believe me so My mirth it much displeas'd, but ple Duke. 'Tis good: though music o

charm,

To make bad, good, and good provol

I pray you, tell me, hath any body in
here to-day? much upon this time ha
here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired sat here all day.

# Enter Isabella.

Duke. I do constantly believe you is come, even now. I shall crave you a little; may be, I will call upon yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. Duke. Very well met, and welcon What is the news from this good dep Isab. He hath a garden circumnun' Whose western side is with a vineyar And to that vineyard is a planched 2 g That makes his opening with this big This other doth command a little doo

(1) Walled round. (%) Plank



Isab. I have ta'en a due and wai, With whispering and most guilty diligence In action all of precept, he did show me

Are there no other

The way twice o'er.

Between you 'greed, concerning her observed in the late. No, none, but only a repair i' the late. And that I have Possess'dl him, my mo Can be but brief: for I have made him

have a servant comes with me along, That stays? upon me; whose persuasic

I come about my brother. I have not yet made known to Maria A word of this :-What, ho! within

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this

She comes to do you good. Duke. Do you persuade yourself Isab. T bnow you unu?

Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests!
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes' of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome! How
agreed?

Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.

Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father, If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent, But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say, When you depart from him, but, soft and low, Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;
Sith<sup>3</sup> that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish<sup>4</sup> the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's<sup>5</sup> to sow.

[Execut.

SCENE II.—A room in the prison. Enter
Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: can you cut off a man's head.

Cto. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: here is in fice prison a common executioner, who in his office facks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not,

(1) Inquisitions, inquiries. (2) Sallies.

(3) Since. (4) Gild or varnish over.
(5) Tilth, land prepared for sowing. (6) Feduca.

you shall have your full time of imprisonmen your deliverance with an unpitied whippin you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd out of mind; but yet I will be content to be ful hangman. I would be glad to receive so

struction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abl

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help y morrow in your execution: if you think hir compound with him by the year, and let hin here with you: if not, use him for the prese dismiss him: he cannot plead his estimatic you; he hath been a bawd.

Althor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him, he w

credit our mystery.1

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a i will turn the scale.

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour (for, sir, a good favour<sup>2</sup> you have, but that you hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupanystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a my and your whores, sir, being members of my pation, using painting, do prove my occup my stery; but what my stery there should be in ing, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof.

Abhor. Every true<sup>3</sup> man's apparel fits thief; if it be too little for your thief, your tru thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your your thief thinks it little enough; so every man's apparel fits your thief.

(1) Trade. (2) Countenance. (3) Ho

# •

# FOR MEASURE. Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Scene II.

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penifent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Cto. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare: I for, truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:
[Exeunt Clown and Abhorson.

One has my pity; not a jot the other, Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

# Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine!

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour

When it lies starkly2 in the traveller's bones:

He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?
[Knocking within.

Heaven give your spirits comfort! [Exit Claudio. By and by:--

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,

For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

# Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'dhere of late?

(1) Ready.

(2) Stiffly.

W

Th

Yo.

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Prov. None, since the curfew rung. Duke.

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd even with the stroke and line of his great justice: He doth with holy abstinence subdue. That in himself, which he spurs on his power Io qualify! in others: were he meal'd? With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous; But this being so, he's just.—Now are they come.—

[Knocking within—Provost goes out.]
This is a gentle provost: Seldom, when

The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.
How now? What noise? That spirit's possest'd
with haste,

That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet.

But he must die to-morrow?

Prov.

None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily, 3 Fou something know; yet, I believe, there comes to countermand; no such example have we: Sesides, upon the very sieges of justice, Lord Angelo hath to the public ear "rofess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

1) Moderate. (2) Defiled. (3) Perhaps. (4) Seat.

# Scene II. FOR MEASURE.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and
me this further charge, that you swerve not f
the smallest article of it, neither in time, man
nor other circumstance. Good morrow; for,
take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [Exit Messen, Duke. This is his pardon; purchased by s sin, As

For which the pardoner himself is in: Hence hath offence his quick celerity, When it is borne in high authority:

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended That for the fault's love, is the offender friender Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: I.ord Angelo, belike, thing me remiss in mine office, awakens me with unwonted putting on: methinks, strangely; he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [Reads.] Whatsoever you may hea the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardi for my better satisfaction, let me have Claud head sent me by five. Let this be duly perforwith a thought, that more depends on it than must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your off as you will answer it at your peril. What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to

executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke! not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or execu him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the gove

(1) Spur, incitement. (2) Nine years in priv

EASURE o, came not to an undon build

fest, and not denied by himself. apparent? borne himself penitently in

hat apprehends death no more a drunken sleep; careless, reckof what's past, present, or to of mortality, and desperately

hear none : he hath evermore had

prison; give him leave to escape not: drunk many times a day, if entirely drunk. We have very ofn, as if to carry him to execution, n a seeming warrant for it : it bath

e of him anon. There is written rovost, honesty and constancy:

uly, my ancient skill beguiles m idness of my cunning, I will lay n d. Claudio, whom here you have who hath sentenced him: to m

and this in a manifested effect, I ca vs respite; for the which you are t present and a dangerous courtesy.

ray, sir, in what n the delaying death. lack! how may I do it? having the nd an express command, under pe his head in the view of Angelo? case as Claudio's, to cross this

By the vow of mine order, I warra structions may be your guide. I ne be this morning executed, and Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and

discover the favour.1

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and may add to it. Shave the head, and ite the b and say, it was the desire of the penitent to bared before his death: you know, the cou common. If any thing fall to you upon this, than thanks and good fortune, by the saint I profess, I will plead against it with my life Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is again

*Prov.* Pardon me, good father; it is again oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no of

if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty since I see you fearful, that neither my cotegrity, nor my persussion, can with ease at you, I will go further than I meant, to plufears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the and seal of the duke. You know the chara doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you have the chara doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you have the chara doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you have the characteristics.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return duke; you shall anon over-read it at your sure; where you shall find, within these two he will be here. This is a thing, that A knows not: for he this very day receives lett strange tenor; perchance, of the duke's operchance, entering into some monastery; I chance, nothing of what is writ.—Look, if olding star calls up the shepherd: put not self into amazement, how these things shoul all difficulties are but easy when they are I call your executioner, and off with Barna head: I will give him a present shrift, and



Clo. I am as well acqu house of profession : one tress Over-done's own l her old customers. First, he's in for a commodity ginger, ninescore and set he made five marks, rea ginger was not much in a were all dead. Then is per, at the suit of master some four suits of peachpeaches him a beggar. T Dizy, and young master De per-spur, and master Star dagger-man, and young I Pudding, and master Fo brave master Shoe-tie the Half-cann that stabb'd P more; all great doers in ou the Lord's sake.

Enter Abi

ALL...

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Cto. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

# Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah? Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all

night, I am not fitted for't.

Clo. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

# Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father; do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barner. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore, I beseech you,

Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,-

Barnar. Not a word; if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

[Exit.

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel beart'-

There died this morning of a cruel fe One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate A man of Claudio's years; his beard Just of his colour: What if we do o This reprobate, till he were well inc And satisfy the deputy with the visas Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio? Duke. O, 'tis an accident that Hea Despatch it presently; the hour dra Preix'd by Angelo: See, this be do And sent according to command; v Persuade this rude wretch willingly Prov. This shall be done, good fat But Barnardine must die this aftern And how shall we continue Claudio To save me from the danger that m If he were known alive? Duke. Let this be done;-Put holds, Both Barnardine and Claudio: En The sun hath made his journal gre

# Scene III. FOR MEASURE.

To meet me at the consecrated fount, A league below the city; and from thence, By cold gradation and weal-balanced form, We shall proceed with Angelo.

# Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.
Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed
[Exit

Isab. [Within.] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel:—She's come to know.

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither: But I will keep her ignorant of her good, To make her heavenly comforts of despair, When it is least expected.

# Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and graciou daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man. Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon? Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world:

His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other: Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close pa

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes. Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight. Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabe! Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven Mark what I say; which you shall find, By every syllable, a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your
eves;

One of our convent, and his confessor, Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried Notice to Escalus and Angelo; Who do prepare to meet him at the gates, There to give up their power. If you can, pace

your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom! on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,

Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart, And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you. Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give; 'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return: Say, by this token, I desire his company At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours, I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you Be fore the duke: and to the head of Angelo Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self, I am combined by a sacred yow, And shall be absent. Wend? you with this letter: Command these fretting waters from your eyes With a light heart; trust not my holy order, It I pervert your course.—Who's here?

# Enter Lucio.

Lucio.
Friar, where is the provost?

Good even!

Duke. Not within, sir. Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eves so red: thou must be patient: I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't: But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of

# Scene IV. FOR MEASURE.

dark corners had been at home, he had
[E:

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous litt to your reports; but the best is, he lives Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the cas I do: he's a better woodman than

him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one

re well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along w can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many ready, sir, if they be true; if not true, enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for

wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?
Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but was
swear it; they would else have marries

rotten mediar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer th

Rest you well.

Lacio. By my troth, I'll go with lane's end: If bawdy talk offend you, very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kine shall stick.

SCENE IV.—A room in Angelo's ho Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ vouch'd1 other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted mactions show much like to madness: prhis wisdom be not tainted! And why use gates, and re-deliver our authoritie

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim i before his entering, that if any crave red;

(1) Contradicted.



Betimes i' Give notic As are to J. Eveal. Ang. G This deed not And by an And dull to And by an How might to proper the For my author That no par But it confour. Save that his Might, in the By so receiving With ransom

Alack, when c



#### Scene VI. FOR MEASURE.

The metter being afoot, keep your inst And hold you ever to our special drift Though sometimes you do blench! from As cause doth minister. Go, call at Fla And tell him where I stay: give the li To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crass And bid them bring the trumpets to th But send me Flavius first. F. Peter.

It shall be sp

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou good haste:

Come, we will walk : There's other of Will greet us here anon, my gentle Va

**SCENE** VI.—Street near the city go Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am h I would say the truth; but to accuse h That is your part: yet I'm advis'd to

He saye, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be rul' Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if pe He speak against me on the adverse sit I should not think it strange: for 'tis a That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter,leab. O, peace; the fri

Enter Friar Peter.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you most fit,

Where you may have such vantage<sup>3</sup> on He shall not pass you: Twice have the sounded:

The generous and gravest citizens

(2) Availful. /1) Start off. (4) Most noble.

Have hent! the gates, and very near upon The duke is ent ring; therefore hence, away. [Ka

# ACT V.

SCENE I.—A public place near the city as Mariana (veiled,) Isabella, and Peter, at a tance. Enter at opposite doors, Duke, Varni Lords; Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, O cers, and Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:— Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you Ang. & Escal. Happy return be to your re

grace!
Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you by
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still great Duks. O, your desert speaks loud; and I sho

wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion: Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand;
—And good supporters are you.

Peter and Isabella come forward.

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak load, inches before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your res

(1) Seized.

(2) Lames.

# FOR MEASURE.

a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid!
thy prince, dishonour not your eye
rowing it on any other object,
ou have heard me in my true complaint,
ive me, justice, justice, justice!
te. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom?
Be brief:
is lord Angelo shall give you justice;
I yourself to him.

O, worthy duke, id me seek redemption of the devil: me yourself; for that which I must speak rither punish me, not being believ'd, ing redress from you: hear me, O, hear me, here.

g. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm: th been a suitor to me for her brother, I by course of partice.

By course of justice!

r. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:

Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange? Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange? Angelo is an adulterous thief, ocrite, a vizgin-violator; x strange, and strange?

he. Nay, sen times strange.

It is not truer he is Angelo,

this is all as true as it is strange: t is ten times true; for truth is truth

end of reckoning,
te. Away with her :-- Poor soul.

cake this in the infirmity of sense.

O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st

is another comfort than this world, how neglect me not, with that opinion am touch'd with madness: make not impossible



May sees...

As Angelo; even...

In all his dressings...

Be an arch-villain: believe it, roys...

Be an arch-villain: believe it but he,

If he be less, he's nothing; but he,

If she be med (as I believe no of

Her madness hath the odders fra

Her madness hath the odders fra

Such a dependency of thing on

Such a dependency of

Isab. Namp not on that; nor do not y

Harp not on that; nor do not y

For inequality: but let your

To make the talse, seems the

And hide the false, seems the

Duke.

Have, sure, more lack

Gotdemn'd upon the act.

Couldemn'd upon the act.

To lose his head; conder

# OR MEASURE.

urself, pray heaven, you then

warrant your honour. arrant's for yourself; take heed

tleman told somewhat of my tale.

se right; but you are in the wrong your time.—Proceed. I went

s caitiff deputy. somewhat madly spoken.

Pardon it: he matter. l again: the matter:-Proceed. -to set the needless process by, , how I pray'd, and kneel'd, me, and how I reply'd; much length,) the vile conclusion grief and shame to utter: it by gift of my chaste body ble intemperate lust, er; and, after much debatement, 'se2 confutes mine honour. him: But the next morn betimes. iting, he sends a warrant her's head.

This is most likely! were as like, as it is true! ven, fond3 wretch, thou know'st t thou speak'st; iborn'd against his honour, e :4-First, his integrity mish:-next, it imports no reason, ehemency he should pursue himself: if he had so offended, eigh'd thy brother by himself.

(2) Pity. (3) Foolish. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Then, oh, you blessed ministers : Keep me in patience; and, with Unfold the evil which is here we In countenance!—Heaven shield

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelist Duke. I know, you'd fain be go To prison with her:—Shall we then the basting and a scandalous breat On him so near us? This needs med who knew of your intent, and Isab. One that I would were here Duke. A ghostly father, belike that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis I do not like the man: had he beer For certain words he spake against In your retirement, I had swing'dt Duke. Words against me? The belike!

And to set on this wretched woman Against our substitute?—Let this fe

Mari.

Duke.

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy: Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler, As he's reported by this gentleman; And, on my trust, a man that never yet Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace. Lucio. My lord, most villanously; believe it. F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himseli : But at this instant he is sick, my lord, Of a strange fever: Upon his more! request (Being come to knowledge that there was complaint Intended 'gainst lord Angelo,) came I hither, To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know Le true, and false; and what he with his oath. And all probation, will make up full clear, Whensoever he's convented.2 First, for this woman (To justify this worthy nobleman. So vulgarly and personally accus'd.) Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes, Till she herself confess it. Duke. Good friar, let's hear it. [Isabella is carried off, guarded; and Mariana comes forward. Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?-O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!-Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo; In this I'll be impartial; be you judge Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar? First, let her show her face; and, after, speak. Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face. Until my husband bid me. Duke. What, are you married? Mari. No, my lord. Duke Are you a maid? Mari. No, my lord. Dubs. A widow then?

(1) Simple. (2) Convened. (3) Publicht. VOL. I.

Neither, my lord.

Why, you

And charges him, my lord, with suc When I'll depose I had him in mine With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she n Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, Mari. Why, just, my lord, and t Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'erl

Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'erl But knows, he thinks, that he knows Ang. This is a strange abuse:

face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo, Which, once thou swor'st, was worth This is the hand, which, with a vow Was fast belock'd in thine: this is t

(1) Deception.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, woman;

And, five years since, there was sor marriage

Betwixt myself and her; which was Partly, for that her promised proportic Came short of composition; but, in a For that her reputation was disvalued In levity: since which time of five yet neverspake with her, saw her, nor he Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble r As there comes light from heaven, as breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth I am affianc'd this man's wife, as st As words could make up vows: and But Tuesday night last gone, in his He knew me as a wife: As this is t Let me in safety raise me from my Or else for ever be confixed here,

saint.

Were testimonies against his worth That's sealed in approbation?-Yo Sit with my consin; lend him your To find out this abuse, whence 'fis There is another friar that set them Let him be sent for.

F. Peler. Would he were here, m

indeed.

Hath set the women on to this comp Your provost knows the place where And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly .-And you, my noble and well-warran Whom it concerns to hear this matter Do with your injuries as seems you be In any chastisement: I for a while Will leave you; but stir not you, till y Determined upon these slanderers. Escal, My lord, we'll do it thorough

Duke. | Signior Lucio, did not you sa that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest Lucio, Curullus no

friar's habit, and Provost.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with he Lucio. That's the way; for worken are midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress: [To lasticia. a gentlewoman denies all that you have min Lucio. My lord, here comes the rescal l

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rescal l
of; here, with the provest.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not 1

him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.
Escal. Come, sir: Did you set these ways
to slander lord Angelo? they have confess it you
Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and le

Re some time known'd for his burning distinction.
Where is the duke? 'tis he should held use of Escal. The duke's in us; and we will have speak:



To tax him with injustice: To the rack with him :- We'll touze yo

But we will know this purpose :- Wha Duke. Be not so hot; the duke

Dare no more stretch this finger of mi Dare rack his own; his subject am I r Nor here provincial: My business in Made me a looker-on here in Vienna, Where I have seen corruption boil and Till it o'er-run the stew : laws, for all But faults so countenanc'd, that the st Stand like the forfeits in a barber's sh As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away

prison.

Ang. What can you vouch agains Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hit bald-pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the voice: I met you at the prison, in the

# Scene I. FOR MEASURE.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the duke, as I love myself. Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now,

after his treasonable abuses. -

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal:—
Away with him to prison:—Where is the provost?
Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough uppen him; let him speak no more. Away with those giglots! too, and with the other confederate companion.

[The Provost lays hands on the Duke.

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio. Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir: Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?

[Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er made a duke.——

you
Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you
down.—— [To Escalus.

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave: [To Angelo.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office? If thou hast, Rely mon it till my tale he heard.

Rely upon it till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord, I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, To think I can be undiscernible,

(1) Wantons.

(2) Service.

But let my trial
Immediate sentence then, and sequence
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke.

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go, take her hence, and marry her is stantly.

Do you the office, friar; which consummate.

[Excunt Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Frove Excut. My lord, I am more amar'd at his honour,

Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke.

Come hither, Isal.

Than at the strangeness of it.

Come hither, Isal

Duke.

Your friar is now your prince: As I was then
Advertising, 3 and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still

Attorney'd at your service.

O, give me pard

That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain' Your unknown sovereignty. You are pardon'd, I

#### Scene I. FOR MEASURE.

Mr. onter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provest.

I do. my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd Your well-defended bonour, you must pardon For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother

(Being criminal, in double violation Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach, Thereon dependant, for your brother's life,) The very mercy of the law cries out Most audible, even from his proper! tongue, An Angelo for Claudio, death for death. Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure: Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure. Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manisfested: Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee

vantage: We do condemn thee to the very block Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste ;-

Away with him.

Mari. O, my most gracious lord, I hope you will not mock me with a husband! Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a busband:

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour, I thought your marriage fit; else imputation, For that he knew you, might reproach your life, And choke your good to come : for his possessions, Although by confiscation they are ours, We do instate and widow you withal, To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord. I crave no other, nor no better man. Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

(1) Angelo's own tongue.

le my liege,— [Kneeking.
You do but lose your labour:
m to death.—Now, sir, [To Lucio.]
ny good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take
part;
knees, and all my life to come
all my life to do you service.
inst all sense! you do importune her
eel down, in mercy of this fact,
ghost his paved bed would break,
hence in horror.

Isabel,
do yet but kneel by me;
hands, say nothing, I'll speak all
tmen are moulded out of faults;
nost, become much more the better
tile bad: so may my husband.
Il you not lend a knee?
dies for Claudio's death.

Most bounteous sir, [Kneeling. ase you, on this man condemn ], are liv'd: Lpartly think, y govern'd his deeds, k on me; since it is so, e: My brother had but justice, the thing for which he died:

o'ertake his had intent, buried but as an intent by the way: thoughts are no subjects; rely thoughts.

Merely, my lord.
suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
ht me of another fault:—
me it, Claudio was beheaded
hour?

i) Reason and affection.

sage.

It was commanded so. Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed? Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private mes-

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office: Give up your keys.

Pardon me, noble lord: I thought it was a fault, but knew it not; Yet did repent me, after more advice: For testimony whereof, one in the prison That should by private order else have died, I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine. Duke. I would thou had'st done so by Claudio .-Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him. Exit Provost.

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd, Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood, And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure: And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart, That I crave death more willingly than mercy: Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine? Prov. This, my lord. Duke. There was a friar told me of this man :-Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul, That apprehends no further than this world. And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd: But, for those early faults, I quit them all: And pray thee, take this mercy to provide For better times to come :---Friar, advise him; I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?

# Consideration.

Duke. If he be like your brother, Lavan for his sake

Is he pardon'd; And, for your lovely sake Give me your hand, and say you will be I He is my brother too: But fitter time for it By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe: Methinks, I see a quickening in his eye: Well, Angelo, your evil quits! you well: Look that you love your wife; her work yours.—

I find an apt remission in myself: And yet here's one in place I cannot pard You, sirrah, [To Lucio.] that knew me for coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman; Wherein have I so deserv'd of you, That you extol me thus?

į

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but a to the trick ! If you will hang me for it, y but I had rather it would please you, I whipp'd.

# Scene I. FOR MEASURE.

Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal Remit thy other forfeits: —Take him to p And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pudenth, whipping, and hanging.

Daske. Sland'ring a prince deserves it-She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look your a Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo; I have confess'd her, and I know her viri Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much; Thanks, provost, for thy care, and secrec Washall employ thee in a worthier place Thanks had of Ragozine for Claudio's; The nead of Ragozine for Claudio's; The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel.

The offence partons used.—Dear Isabel, I have a motion much imports your good Whensto if you'll a willing ear incline, What's mine is yours, and what is yours in So, bring us to our palace; where we'll s What's yet behind, that's meet you all shou

The novel of Giraldi Cinthio, from whi speare is supposed to have borrowed this fabe read in Shakspeare Illustrated, eleganlated, with remarks which will assist the to discover how much absurdity Shakspear mitted or avoided.

I cannot but suspect that some other h modelled the novel of Cinthio, or written which in some particulars resembled it, Cinthio was not the author whom Shaksp mediately followed. The emperor in C named Maximine: the duke, in Shakspea merration of the persons of the drama, is cal

(1) Punishments.

war oT (\$)





